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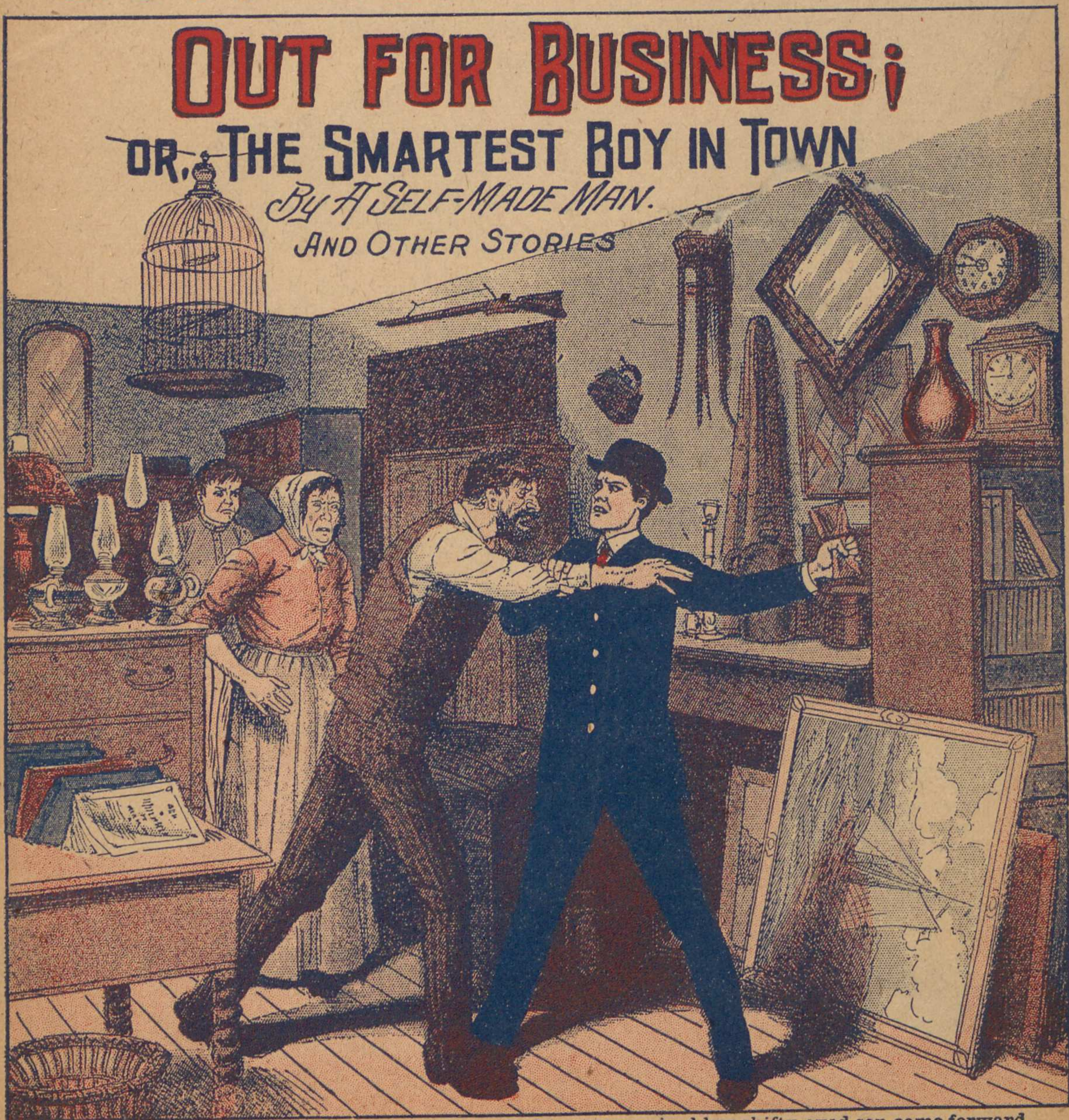
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

OUT FOR BUSINESS; OR, THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



As Joe produced his pocket-book the villainous looking woman and her shifty-eyed son came forward, as if in obedience to some signal. Then the dealer himself sprang at the boy and tried to wrest the wallet from his grasp

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1924

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OUT FOR BUSINESS

OR, THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Playing With Fire.

"You'll have to haul in your horses, Joe," said Bob Stewart, shaking his head in a decided way.

"What do you mean, Bob?" asked his companion, a bright-eyed, curly headed boy of sixteen, with a whimsical grin.

"Oh, you know what I mean well enough. You've got to put on the brakes, or something will drop, and I know what that something is."

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Joe Fanwood. "Major Pond is a crank."

"No, he isn't a crank. The major is all right—in his way. But there's a limit to everything. You've stretched that limit to the breaking point. Better heed my warnnig, Joe. Hal Fairweather told me a little while ago that he overheard the major talking to Tutor Applegate last evening about you. Applegate defended you the best he could, but Major Pond is dead sore over that rainbow decoration of the statute of Belvidere on the lawn, which he said he had traced to you. He said it is the culmination of a long series of practical jokes you have indulged in since you came to this school. He swore that he wouldn't stand for any more; that if matters went on this way the academy would become a laughing stock in the neighborhood, and would lose caste. He had fully resolved on writing to your guardian for the last time asking him to remove you from the school."

"Phew! Is that so?" ejaculated Joe, with a doleful expression that was almost comical in its intensity. "Did Major Pond really say that?"

"He did. Tutor Applegate, however, talked so strongly in your favor that the major reluctantly agreed to give you another chance—positively the very last, he said."

"I'm glad that the major changed his mind."

"So am I, for I wouldn't like to see you leave. You're the life of the academy. Every one of us would have the blues for a month if you had to go. But, honestly, Joe, you do carry things too far. It may be awfully funny to us, but Major Pond has a different way of looking at things. He has outlived his bubbling days."

"I should think he had. Why, I heard that he was the liveliest fellow that West Point ever had, and narrowly escaped being fired from that academy more than once."

"That was ever so many years ago. The regular army toned him down, and made a martinet of him. He's seen hard service and distinguished himself in many of the Indian campaigns out West, and that alone is enough to sober a man up. Now he's married, and has a growing daughter——"

"Say, Besie Pond is a daisy, isn't she?" interrupted Joe.

"Sure. The fellows are all dead gone on her—you worst of any."

Joe flushed up and began digging his heels in the ground. The two boys, who were students of the Maplewood Military Academy, were standing under a spreading oak tree near the limits of the grounds in the direction of the town. Joe Fanwood, who had been at the school since the preceding September, when the term opened, was decidedly first favorite at the academy. Generous, impulsive, all fun and dash, he won hearts by magic. But unfortunately he was a rockless practical joker. That spoiled all his good qualities with Major Pond, principal and owner of the academy, who had from the beginning taken a great fancy to the boy. At first he let Joe off with reprimands, of varying degrees of severity, even when he had previously decided to punish him severely, for the boy had such an ingenuous, taking way with him, that his very manner seemed to hypnotize the major when the two came together. But at last Major Pond asserted himself, and every scholar in the school knew what that meant. Joe was sentenced to various kinds of punishments, the worst of which was solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet for a week.

This subdued him for ten days, and the major was beginning to have hopes of a cure when Joe experienced a relapse. A choice marble statue of Apollo Belvidere, which ornamented the lawn approach to the front door of the academy, was discovered one morning highly decorated with different colored paints, which had been abstracted during the night from the tool-house.

The effect was stunning, and a mob of delighted students soon gathered about it to admire the results produced by a paint brush in the hands of a skillful artist. Of course this act of desecration was reported to the major, and he visited the statue to view with his own eyes

what had happened to his Apollo. It took one of the school factotums a while day to remove the paint and restore the statue to its pristine whiteness. The major was as mad as a hornet. The first thing he did was to send for Joe Fanwood and ask him if he had perpetrated the joke.

He acknowledged his guilt without hesitation, though with no air of bravado, for the boy scorned a lie as the meanest kind of an evasion.

"You may go, sir," said the major, sternly, and that was all Joe heard of the matter until his particular friend, Bob Stewart, brought it up in the present conversation between them.

Apparently Major Pond had determined to ask Joe's guardian to recall him from the academy, and had only yielded to his head tutor's persuasions to give the favorite of the school another chance. Perhaps a lingering recollection of his old days at West Point, when he was something of a madcap himself, had a good bit to do with his decision, and perhaps a certain liking he had for the bright, honest, sturdily built boy, who had not a mean streak in his nature, was at the bottom of it; at any rate, the matter was permitted to drop. A rumor, however, got abroad that Miss Bessie Pond, the major's fifteen-year-old daughter, had seen the statue in all the glory of Joe's brilliant handiwork, and report said she had laughed herself nearly sick over it. At any rate, there was a suspicious twinkle in her eyes for a week whenever she heard Fanwood's name mentioned.

"I guess your guardian would have hauled you over the coals if Major Pond had asked him to take you away," said Bob Stewart.

"He'd have done more than that," replied Joe, a bit soberly.

"You have the greatest imagination for getting up ridiculous schemes I ever heard of. What ever induced you to paint that statue in all the colors of the rainbow? And how could you do it in so artistic a way? Ever take any lessons in water colors?"

"No. I just decorated him in comic opera style."

"Well, I don't think a regular artist could have done it in better shape if he had tried his best. You seem to be a regular genius at whatever you undertake. You are the best all-around athlete in the school, whether at baseball, football, rowing, swimming, in the gymnasium, or what not. I tell you, Joe, you must haul in your horns a bit, for we can't afford to lose you. We look to you to pull our ball team through this spring. You're the only pitcher the academy has ever had who could hold the Maplewood semi-professionals down. In the one game you pitched against them last fall they made only two hits, and one of them was a scratch. We never would have been in it but for you. The Maplewood Highs have always given us a tight rub. Now, with you in the box this year, we expect to do them up in both games. You see now how much depends on you."

"You've given me quite a lecture, Bob," grinned Joe.

"I'm not lecturing you—only trying to bring you to your senses, that's all."

"I think you've enjoyed my jokes as well as anybody, Bob."

"I know I have. I like fun as well as the

next fellow; but when it gets to be so serious as to threaten the smartest and most popular boy in the school with the G. B., I think we ought all go slow, especially yourself."

"So you wish me to believe that I'm the smartest and most popular boy in the academy. You say that very well, Bob, but I guess there are others."

"There may be others, but they are not in your class. You stand all by yourself. If a vote was taken on the question 'Who is King of the School?' you'd get away with the election, hands down."

"Better change the subject, Bob, or I may get a swelled head."

"No fear of that. You're not built that way."

"All right. Have it your way. But to get back to the old subject. You think I am out of danger for a while? That Major Pond has given up the idea of writing to Mr. Jessup, my guardian?"

"Yes. I judge from what Hal said that you're safe enough if you quit your practical jokes; but if you don't—"

"My name will be Tim Flynn," snickered Joe.

"It certainly will—or mud—take your choice."

"I'll try to be good—that is, if no temptation comes my way—for I don't want to be turned loose; but it's second nature with me to take advantage of my opportunities."

"A burnt child generally dreads the fire, but you don't seem to worry over a scorching. How many schools have you been politely requested to leave?"

"Half a dozen or more," chuckled Joe.

"Well, you are a peach and no mistake."

CHAPTER II.—Winning His Own Game.

It was a great day at the Maplewood Military Academy. The baseball nine, under Captain Joe Fanwood, was playing the Maplewoods, of the Interstate League—practically a team of professional ball players, for every member drew a salary. Maplewood Academy presented a new pitcher in the person of Joe Fanwood, a late arrival at the school. Not a Maplewood professional got nearer than ninety feet of the plate that day. Only thirty batters faced him. Of these twelve retired to the bench on strikes, one got a three-base drive and was marooned on the bag, another got a base on balls, while a third put a slow ball toward short-stop which counted as a hit, though the runner got first only by an eyelash. When the game was over the score stood 1 to 0 in the academy's favor.

As a matter of course the schoolboys were jubilant, and this spring their manager arranged a date with the professionals just previous to the opening of the interstate season. That game attracted a tremendous crowd, which overflowed the fine academy grounds. Major Pond, his wife and daughter and some friends occupied the private box in the center of the grandstand. Just before the game commenced Bessie Pond sent Joe Fanwood, to whom she had never spoken, as the major did not permit his students to be on intimate terms with his daughter, a true lover's bow-knot of baby blue ribbon to pin on

his breast. She had an idea perhaps that this little token would inspire him to do his very best that afternoon, for naturally she wanted the academy to win. Joe intended to do his best anyway for the honor of the school, but when he received the bow-knot with Bessie's compliments, he resolved to go a shade better for her sake if the thing was possible.

The Maplewoods went to the bat first, and when the major's daughter, whose bright eyes were evidently on the lookout, saw Joe walk confidently to the pitcher's position and stand there in readiness to let drive his first curve, she thought him the handsomest, manliest boy she had ever seen, and her young heart fluttered strangely and her face grew rosy as she saw her bunch of ribbon hanging just over his heart. Joe pitched just three balls the first inning. The first batter up pushed a daisy cutter to short and found the ball at the initial bag ahead of him; the second batter ballooned to Hal Fairweather in left garden, and the third batter hit a liner to Bailey at second, who held on to it like grim death, and the professionals took the field with a zero to their credit, while the assembled academy boys and their sympathizers made the welkin ring.

With two out and two strikes called on him, Joe pushed a single to left in the opening inning amid great applause, but he got no further than first, as Bailey, the next batter, put up a high foul which was captured after a hard run by the third baseman of the opposing team. The professionals' second inning was productive of no results, as the first man struck out, the second bunted and was thrown out by Joe, while the third boosted a high one to center and was a victim. Thompson, the academy's right-fielder, led off with a clean single to left, and was then thrown out trying to steal second. The next two batters were easy outs. The Maplewoods came to bat the third time with blood in their eyes. They were anxious to do Joe up. The best they could accomplish was three successive flies to the outfield, and the academy boys came up to the plate to try their luck again. With two out, Barry, the chunky third baseman, got his base on an error; Fairweather soaked a stinger at the pitcher which climbed all over him, and by the time he got his hands on the ball the runner was roosting at first, while Barry was dancing around second. Amid great applause Joe came up to the plate. He glanced at the private box and was rewarded with a fluttering handkerchief in Bessie's hand.

"Line her out, Joe!"

"Soak it in the solar plexus!"

"Put it over the fence!"

These and similar cries came from his schoolmates. The Maplewood pitcher grinned sardonically.

"One strike!" cried the umpire as Joe swung at the sphere and missed it.

"He's goin' ter kill dat ball, I don't t'ink," jeered a Maplewood youth, who had crawled over the fence and thus saved the price of admission.

"Strike two!" from the umpire, and a bunch of sarcastic cries rose from the crowd who favored the professionals.

Three balls were then called. The next was the critical one, and silence and expectation hov-

ered over the spectators. Crack! The ball sailed toward center like a bird, while a fierce roar of enthusiasm broke from the academy benches. Barry and Fairweather started for the plate like winged Mercuries without a glance at the ball, for two men were out, and Joe dug out for the first like a good one. The Maplewood center-fielder went after the ball as it circled above him. Could he get it?

The academy boys were shrieking like young fiends, and the uproar could easily be heard a block away. The ball was still in the air when Joe turned second, but it was beyond the fielder's reach anyway, for a moment later it hit the fence, rebounded, was picked up and fired toward the plate to catch Joe. Joe slid for the rubber in a little cloud of dust as the ball struck the catcher's glove. As the catcher reached to tag him, the ball slipped from his fingers and the young captain of the academy nine was safe.

Well, say, perhaps there wasn't pandemonium for several minutes. Bailey then struck out and three runs went up on the score board. The Maplewood batters were easy victims in the next two innings, and so were the academy boys, for that matter. In the sixth, however, Maplewood got down to business by hitting Joe for three singles, which, with a base on balls and an error, netted them three runs, evening up the score. Fairweather led off the sixth for the academy by striking out. Joe was presented with his base. Bailey put a neat single in right, advancing Joe by sharp running to third. This was encouraging, for there was only one out, so the academy rooters got noisy and hilarious again.

Thompson had made a hit already, and another was looked for from him, but he ignominiously fanned. Bailey, however, dashed the academy hopes to the ground by being caught trying to purloin second. Maplewood opened the ninth with the score still 3 to 3. An error by short-stop gave the first batter a lift. Then another fumble by Parry on third allowed the second batter to reach the first bag.

"Butter fingers!" howled a young Maplewood sympathizer in great glee.

To cap the climax the third batter put a high one back of second and Bailey dropped it.

"We got 'em on the run now," grinned the fourth batter as he came to the plate. "Just watch me put it over the fence."

It was hard luck for Joe. Three chances for outs had been given and every one missed. If the game was lost he couldn't be blamed. Joe glanced at the private box and saw Bessie wave her hand to him. That put him on his mettle and he struck out the batter, who had said he was going to put the ball over the fence. With the bases all occupied and only one man out, the prospect was still very blue for the academy team. But Joe fooled the next man into biting at three wide ones, and the academy crowd cheered lustily. A few moments later the next batter up failed to locate Joe's deceptive delivery, and the boy received a tremendous ovation, for he had squeezed the team out of a very tight hole.

Joe had to lift his cap again as he came up to lead off the ninth inning. He was frantically beseeched to soak it out of the lot. As he tapped the rubber he flashed a look at Bessie. She was standing up, glancing eagerly at him. The Maple-

wood pitcher leered as he let drive an in-curve at the boy. Joe reached for it quick, and the crack as his bat met the ball could be heard all over the ground. A cyclonic roar followed. The ball was going toward the left-field fence as if it had seven-league boots on. Academy boys and their friends fell over one another, fired their hats into the air and acted generally as if they had gone crazy.

Before Joe reached second the ball was over the fence and the game won. He trotted to the plate amid a storm of acclamations. But he had eyes for only one thing—the white handkerchief waving in Bessie's hands and her shrieks of delight. The score was 4 to 3 in favor of the academy team, and Joe was carried off the field on the shoulders of his comrades.

CHAPTER III.—Lashed To A Gun.

There was high-jinks at the academy that evening. Joe Fanwood, Bob Stewart, Hal Fairweather and Dick Bailey were crossing a section of the parade ground at the rear of the main academy when they saw a man staggering ahead of them in a very erratic fashion.

"Who the dickens is that?" asked Joe.

"Give it up," replied Bob, "but he looks as if he was full of booze."

"He's blind, staggering drunk, that's what he is," said Bailey.

"Must be one of the major's satellites," said Fairweather.

"Well, let's see who he is," grinned Joe. "It's against all rules for any one to appear on the grounds in that condition."

They hastened their steps and soon came up with the intoxicated individual, who was trying to walk an imaginary chalk line with very poor success.

"Why, it's Flynn," said Stewart, after peering into the fellow's face.

Pat Flynn was man-of-all-work about the academy, and, owing to his prying, sneaking habits, had become particularly obnoxious to the boys. The four members of the ball team stepped in front of him and the man came to a sudden stop, looking at them in a foolish, leering way.

"How are you, Mr. Flynn?" asked Joe, ironically. "How are you feeling this lovely evening?"

"Faith, I'm falin' loike a bir-rd. Long loife to yez, gents. Will yez be afther tellin' where I'm at?"

"Don't you know where you are, Mr. Flynn?" grinned Joe.

"Shure I don't."

"What have you got in your coattail pocket, Flynn?" asked Bailey.

"In me pocket, is it?" cried the Irishman, grabbing first at one coattail and then at the other, all the time maintaining his legs with the utmost difficulty. "Faith, don't say a worrud. It's a flask of whisky I've got. Will yez drink wid me?"

"Don't you know that it's against the regulations to appear on the academy grounds with

a bottle of whisky in your pocket?" said Joe, sternly.

"Shure I do. Do yez mane to say that this is the academy?"

"I do. We're on the parade ground."

"Howly Moses! I must get to me room to wanst. Will yez be so good as to p'int out the way to the shtable?"

"Sure we will," said Joe, giving his companions the wink. "Catch hold of his other arm, Bob, and we'll show him the way."

Fanwood and Stewart piloted the intoxicated man over to the building and up into the room where the four chums bunked.

"What are you going to do to him, Joe?" asked Fairweather, curiously.

"Oh, I ain't going to do a thing to him," grinned Joe, as he induced Flynn to seat himself on a chair. "I merely thought I'd try to improve the looks of that ugly phiz of his. Bob, oblige me by pulverizing those two pieces of chalk. And you, Dick, take that cork on the window-sill and burn it in the flame of the gas."

The two boys did as directed, and while they were thus employed Flynn went off into a drunken sleep and began to snore with his mouth wide open. Joe took the pulverized chalk and rubbed it all over Flynn's face, except the fiery end of his nose, whose redness was thus thrown into conspicuous relief. On this white background the academy pitcher deftly sketched several crescents and other ornaments of a like nature in burnt cork, drawing a kind of winged crocodile on the Irishman's forehead. Then he soaped Flynn's mustache till it stuck out as stiff as that of a French army dude, and on his chin he made as good an imitation of a goatee as he could draw with the cork.

"There! how does he look now?" asked the young artist.

"Great!" roared his companions, laughing till their sides ached.

"What do you call it, Joe?" asked Bob.

"This, fellows, is the only original What-is-it, now about to be put on exhibition for the first time for a limited period."

"What do you mean by 'about to be put on exhibition'?" asked Bob.

"Just what I said. I am going to exhibit him presently in public. This is only a private seance."

"Exhibit him in public! How do you mean?"

"I suppose you know there are a couple of old field-pieces on either side of the main entrance, don't you?"

"Sure I know it."

"Well, I propose to mount Flynn astride of one of them, tie his legs together so he can't fall off and hurt himself, and leave him there for the major to gaze upon when he opens his bedroom window in the morning for a whiff of fresh air."

"Oh, come now, Joe, this will get us all in trouble," objected Bob.

"How is the major going to find who lashed Flynn to the gun?"

"He's sure to start an investigation, and the truth is bound to come out."

"What's the difference?" retorted Joe, recklessly. "You know what Flynn is. He ought to be made an example of. There isn't a fellow

in the academy but would be delighted to take advantage of this chance at the rascal. He keeps us continually in hot water, one way or another. Isn't that so, Hal?"

"That's right," nodded Fairweather. "I'll stand by you in this."

"So will I," chipped in Dick Bailey.

"All right," agreed Bob. "If all of you fellows are in this thing, I won't hold out. How are you going to do the trick?"

"Just wait till I go over to the poorhouse for a piece of rope," replied Joe.

While he was gone Flynn snored on, utterly oblivious of the fate in store for him.

"Isn't he a beauty, the drunken scalawag?" sneered Bailey.

"What he needs is a pair of horns, and then he'd be complete," laughed Hal.

"Let's make a pair and stick 'em on," said Bob.

"Go ahead and make them, if you know how," encouraged Bailey.

Bob got some cardboard and, with a pair of scissors and some mucilage, manufactured a tolerable pair of short horns, which he stuck on either side of Flynn's partially bald forehead.

He blackened them well with burnt cork.

"They look quite natural," grinned Bailey.

Joe thought so, too, when he returned with the rope and saw the addition that had been made to the victim. He shook Flynn into a maudlin wakefulness and told him he must go along with them. The Irishman allowed the boys to lead him downstairs on to the parade ground again, but as soon as the air played around him he began to exhibit a tendency to boisterousness.

"This won't do at all," said Joe to his companions. "We must shut him up or the fat will soon be in the fire."

As Flynn opened his mouth to utter a roar, Bailey clapped a handkerchief into it and so gagged him, for the time being at any rate. They marched him around to the front of the academy, lifted him astride of the field gun, with his face to the vent, that stood almost under Major Pond's bedroom windows, and lashed him tight, in spite of his struggles, taking care to secure his hands behind his back.

"Now let's sneak," said Bob.

"Good-night, Mr. Flynn," said Joe, taking off his cap and making the fellow a mock bow.

"Good-night," repeated the other three, also making low bows.

Then the four boys withdrew as noiselessly as so many shadows. In a short time the moon rose high above the building and shone down full on the decorated features of Pat Flynn, who had been making ineffectual efforts to get free from his disagreeable situation. At last he succeeded in getting rid of the gag. Finding he could use his tongue, he began to roar at the top of his voice. The major was awakened and jumped from his bed to see what caused the racket. As he slammed up one of the windows Flynn started to sing in maudlin tones. Major Pond gazed down at the figure that bestrode the field-piece.

Never in all his life had he seen such a queer-looking face, though he had run across many a grotesquely painted Indian in his time out West. Flynn by this time had forgotten all about the circumstances which had placed him in his pres-

ent situation and had reached a kind of jovial stage of drunkenness.

"Who are you?" roared the major, angrily. "And what are you doing astride that gun?"

Flynn stopped singing and looked up at the principal of the academy. He did not recognize that important person, nor did he appear to realize where he was.

"Are yez spakin' to me, ye ould orang-ou-tang?" he replied, with a hiccough.

"So it's you, Patrick Flynn, is it?" cried Major Pond, in some astonishment as he recognized the man's voice. "And you're drunk again, eh? Get down from that gun instantly and go to your quarters, sir. I'll attend to you to-morrow."

"Go to blazes!" howled the Irishman. "Who are yez, anyway, that presumes to order me about? One would think yez was ould Pond himself, bad luck to yez!"

"What!" gasped the enraged principal. "Do you dare talk to me in that way, you rascal?"

Flynn regarded the major with a leer for a moment; then he began bawling:

"Arrah musha, McFadden was lazy and fat, with the hair of his head struck out through his hat. He weighed forty-three; if he weighed a stun more, bejabbers. I'm thinkin' he'd weighed forty-four. Hurrah!"

"Will you get off that gun, you drunken villain?" shouted Major Pond.

"Get off what gun?" replied Flynn, insolently. "What are yez talkin' about? Be the poker! It's drunk yez are yerself."

Bang! Down went the window, and in another moment Flynn began to sing again, making the night air resound with a ditty which aroused Tutor Applegate on the third floor and brought him to his own window, where he gazed down in astonishment at the weird figure upon the field-piece. In ten minutes Major Pond, partially dressed and accompanied by one of the male servants in his shirt-sleeves, appeared around the corner of the building and approached the mounted Irishman.

"Pull the scoundrel off that field-piece?" cried the major to his companion.

His satellite started to obey, but found that for certain reasons he couldn't. He reported that Flynn was securely lashed to the gun, with his hands tied behind him. Major Pond came forward and soon convinced himself that it was a fact.

"Some of the boys are evidently at the bottom of this," he remarked grimly. "Cut the fellow loose and take him to his quarters. What a face he's got! This is Ranwood's handiwork. That boy is simply incorrigible."

Flynn was relieved from his perch, but now showed a disposition to fight. Perceiving which in time, the other servant did not loosen his arms, but half led, half dragged the Irishman to his quarters, threw him on his bed just as he was and left him to sleep off the effects of his debauch.

CHAPTER V.—For Life or Death.

Next morning shortly after breakfast Major Pond sent for Joe Fanwood to come to his office. When the boy appeared he motioned him to a seat near his desk.

"Last night I found Patrick Flynn tied to one of the field-pieces directly under the windows of my sleeping apartment," began the major severely. "His face was decorated in a fantastic manner with chalk and burnt cork. Were you implicated in the affair or not, sir?"

"Do you insist on my answering that question, Major Pond?"

"I do."

"Then I am compelled to answer yes."

"Did you have any accomplices?"

"I had three companions."

"Mention their names, please."

"I would like to be excused, Major Pond."

"I insist, sir," demanded the principal.

"Then I will have to refuse to answer, because it would be manifestly unfair for me to mention who they were."

"I will give you the choice of telling me who they were or leaving the academy at once," said the principal angrily.

"I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot say who the boys were."

"That is your decision, is it, Fanwood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I dismiss you from the Maplewood Military Academy because you are a confirmed practical joker. I have given you every chance to reform, but you seem to be utterly heedless of the consequences. Go to your room and pack up. Here are ten dollars for your expenses back to your home. I will settle the rest with your guardian."

Joe rose from his chair and looked at the major with a lump in his throat. He seemed about to say something. Then he pulled himself together, made the customary salute in true military style and marched out of the office. Major Pond watched him go with a solemn countenance.

"Too bad. Too bad," he muttered. "He's a fine boy, but——"

He turned to examine his morning's mail. There came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said the major.

Bessie Pond entered and danced up to her father's desk.

"I'm going to town this morning, papa, on Dandy. Is there anything I can get for you?" she asked, twining an arm caressingly around the major's neck.

"No, my darling," he replied. "Be careful of yourself."

"Yes, papa."

She kissed him and danced out of the office again. In the meantime, Joe walked solemnly across the parade ground to his quarters. The boys had just been marched into the different class-rooms for the morning's work, and so Joe found the grounds and the room vacant. He packed his trunk slowly, as if the job was distasteful to him, and the last few necessary articles he put into a small handbag, which he hung over his shoulders.

Long before he had finished, happening to glance from the window, he saw Patrick Flynn with a grip in his hand walking sullenly toward one of the side gates which opened upon the road that led toward the distant town of Maplewood. He had been summarily discharged by the major. As the fellow passed the corner of the building where the principal's office was, he shook

his fist at the window and then went on his way. Joe was almost ready to leave the room when he saw Bessie Pond, mounted on her pony Dandy, canter out at the front gate. The sight of the girl caused a spasm of regret to cross his handsome features, and he watched her until she was out of sight down the road.

Then he went to the storeroom adjoining the gymnasium, where his bicycle was kept, got it from the boy in charge, who looked at him in some surprise, but made no remark, and wheeling it outside, mounted it and started for the same gate through which Flynn had taken his departure. Passing through, he looked back at the academy, where he had spent many happy hours, and the lump came into his throat again, and a suspicious moisture dimmed his fine eyes.

"Good-by," he said, in shaky tones. "Good-by forever. It's tough, leaving you in this way, but it can't be helped. I couldn't have done different in my life depended on my actions. I wish—well, what's the odds? I'm done for in that direction, so what's the use of thinking about the matter any more?"

He started at a smart pace down the road, and soon a grove of trees shut the military academy from his sight. After covering perhaps four miles he drew near a lane running up to a somewhat pretentious mansion. Through the trees he saw a flutter of white approaching the road. In a few minutes he recognized Bessie Pond and her white pony Dandy. As they turned into the highway ahead of him a man rose from the shrubbery, waved his hands and shouted wildly, and then threw a big stone at the pony. The animal shied violently, the saddle girth broke and the girl was unseated, and only saved herself from a nasty fall by throwing her arms around the pony's neck, which dashed off down the road at a mad pace.

"Great Scott! She'll be killed!" cried Joe, starting after her at full speed.

As he passed the lane he gave a momentary glance at the man, who was shrinking among the bushes after accomplishing his dastardly action. Then one glimpse enabled Joe to recognize Patrick Flynn. Joe saw that the pony had taken the bit in her teeth and was wholly unmanageable. The boy had hopes that he would be able to catch up with the little mare and stop her before she shook Bessie off. He put on steam in good earnest. He saw with satisfaction that he was steadily gaining on the pony, which, though unmanageable, was impeded by Bessie's tight hug about her arching neck. Suddenly he heard the long shriek of a locomotive near at hand. All at once it came to his mind that they were closing in on the railroad tracks of the D., P. & L. road, which passed by Maplewood.

He rose a bit from his bent attitude and glanced away to the left. A long freight train was coming down the line at a ten-mile-an-hour clip. Two problems instantly presented themselves to his mind. Would the pony reach the track in time to pass clear of the train?

"I must catch Dandy before she reaches the track," he breathed. "I've simply got to do it if I break a leg."

Now they struck a slight declivity which ran down to the tracks. The freight train was coming on fast. Joe saw now that the pony would

never be able to clear it. It was the question of life or death for him to reach the fleeing little mare in a very few seconds, and turn her aside down the track. He made the wheel hum as it never hummed since it came from the maker's. Inch by inch he crept up on the terror-stricken animal. Now he reached and was overlapping its flanks. Now up to where the saddle girth had been. The engine was crossing the roadway ahead, and it seemed as if nothing could avert a catastrophe that would involve even Joe himself in his headlong rush. Fairly dizzy from the terrible strain he had imposed on himself, he reached out one hand and grasped the pony's bridle as he leaped to the ground. Then he turned off to the right, dragging the animal around with him.

Bessie just missed bumping into the cars by a hair's breadth. The pony tossed its head wildly. But Joe held on for all he was worth. The boy was hanging back, throwing his weight upon Dandy. The engineer and fireman were looking back with starting eyes at the struggle beside the track, while the crew of the train at different points upon the cars were also intensely interested in the outcome of the affair. The animal had to slow down, whether she wanted to or not. At last she came to a dead stop. Joe rushed around to the terrified girl's aid.

"Joe Fanwood!" she exclaimed, as she dimly recognized him.

Then she slipped inertly into his waiting arms. She had fainted.

CHAPTER V.—Joe's Resolve.

Joe laid Bessie Pond tenderly on the grass as the caboose, the last car on the freight, flashed by them, with the conductor and another man standing at the doorway looking back. He tied Dandy to the fence, picked up his wheel and stood it against a tree, and then returned to the unconscious girl. Taking her into his arms again he carried her to a little stream which ran through a culvert under the tracks. Placing her on the ground, with her head on his knee, he began to sprinkle water on her face and to chafe her temples.

Her golden hair had escaped its confining pins and lay spread out in the sunshine like a mass of glittering strands. She was as pale as death, and the fluttering breath came in little gasps between her pearly teeth showed through her parted lips. She was a beauty, and no mistake, but Joe wasn't thinking of her good looks just then. All his thoughts were concentrated in the effort to bring her back to her senses. After a while she uttered a sigh and opened her eyes. Her gaze met Joe's and something like astonishment came into her face.

"Do you feel better, Miss Bessie?" he asked eagerly.

"Better!" she exclaimed wonderingly. "Why, what is the matter with me? What has happened?"

"Your pony was frightened and ran away with you, don't you remember? I chased you on my wheel, and only caught up in time to save Dandy from going headlong against a freight train."

"Oh!" she cried, as a look of terror flashed from her eyes. "I remember. Yes. It was dreadful. And you saved my life, and Dandy's! How shall I ever thank you enough, Joe Fanwood? Papa will be so grateful to you. I am the only little girl he has. He will never, never forget what you have done for me as long as he lives. And I never will forget it either."

"All right, Miss Bessie," replied the boy, cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad I was able to do you this service."

"Aren't you good? And oh, so brave! Why, you risked your own life to save me."

"Well, s'pose I did? It's all right. You're not hurt, and I'm perfectly satisfied."

"I am very, very grateful to you. You believe me, don't you?"

"Sure I do, and if you're satisfied we'll let it go at that."

"But I shall always be grateful, Joe Fanwood. Always. I'm sure papa won't be able to do enough for you now."

"Your father won't have much chance to do anything for me, Miss Bessie," said the boy, with a shade of emotion in his tones.

"Won't have a chance," she ejaculated, sitting up and trying to secure her hair. "Why not? What do you mean?" regarding him with a puzzled expression.

"Oh, nothing," replied Joe, gulping down his feelings.

"But I want to know," she persisted in her wilful way.

"I don't think the matter would interest you, Miss Bessie."

"You talk so strangely. I've never spoken to you before, have I? And just to think you have saved my life! We must be good friends after this," she concluded with a shy eagerness that was very bewitching.

"I wish we could, but I'm afraid we can't."

"Why can't we? I know my papa won't object after——"

"The reason is because I probably won't see you again——"

"Won't see me again!" opening her eyes in great surprise. "I don't understand you."

"I have left the academy."

"You have——"

She stopped and looked at him as if she could not believe the evidence of her ears.

"Your father dismissed me this morning because—because I'm the worst boy in the school. That's about the size of it, though he didn't actually say so. From the way he spoke I guess he meant it. So you see——"

"My father dismissed you—you, Joe Fanwood! The brightest, smartest boy in the academy! You who won the ball game yesterday! I can't, I really can't believe it."

"I'm sorry to say it's a fact. Well, it was my own fault. I've played all sorts of jokes there. I nearly spoiled that statue of Apollo. I——"

"Wasn't that the funniest thing I ever saw in all my life!" she cried, with a rippling laugh, as the recollection of the figure in all its ridiculous decoration recurred to her mind. "I never, never saw anything half so comical. What a genius you are!" admiringly.

"I may be a genius, but I guess your father thinks I am a fool. At any rate, what I and

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"I may be a genius, but I guess your father thinks I am a fool. At any rate, what I and

three of my friends did last night to Pat Flynn, who was employed about the stables, and whom we caught drunk on the parade grounds at half-past ten, settled me with Major Pond. I was called to his office this morning, and after I had admitted my guilt I was dismissed, you may as well call it expelled, because I refused to give the names of my comrades in the affair. That's all there is to it. I'm now no longer a student. It's rather rough on me, but it's my own fault."

"It's too bad," said Bessie. "But my father will overlook everything now just as soon as I tell him what you have done for me."

"I'm afraid I couldn't go back, Miss Bessie."

"Not even for my sake?" she asked, earnestly.

"For your sake I'd do anything; but please don't ask me. I've made up my mind to start out in the world on my own hook and see what I can do. Were I to return to the academy it would only be a question of a short time before I got myself into some other scrape. I've given your father trouble enough. He's been very lenient with me, anyway. You can't expect him to stand for everything."

"But I don't want you to leave the academy," she said, poutingly.

"I have already left."

"You must go back with me," coaxingly.

Joe shook his head.

"I'd like to, but——"

"But what?"

"I'm too proud to return after having been dismissed."

"But papa will make that all right."

"I dare say that under the present circumstance she'd be willing to stretch a point. But I don't care to ask him to do so. I'm going to try my luck in Maplewood. If you'll permit me to write to you I'll let you know how I am getting on. Hustling for a living may cure me of my tendency for practical joking. At any rate, I think I ought to give it a trial."

"Well," replied Bessie, regretfully, "if you are determined not to go back, of course I can't persuade you to do so. I shall be glad if you will write to me, and I will answer your letters if you enclose your address. If you should change your mind about coming back to school you can let me know."

"I promise to do so in that case," agreed Joe. "Now I had better go back with you to the point where your saddle came off, and fix it on again somehow, so that you can get home."

Joe unhitched the pony and gave the bridle to Bessie to lead him by, while he walked by her side pushing his wheel along. The saddle was found in the middle of the road, and Joe managed to patch the girth so that it promised to hold if the girl walked her animal to the academy.

"You will write me soon, won't you?" she asked, holding him by the hand.

"Yes. Good-by, Miss Bessie."

"Good-by, Mr. Fanwood."

The boy mounted his wheel and rode off toward Maplewood, Bessie watching him until he was out of sight.

go out to the academy and bring in his trunk, and after his dinner at a restaurant started out to take a survey of the business section of the town. As he passed a popular cafe he was buttonholed by Jake Stebbins, manager of the Maplewood League ball team."

"Hello, Fanwood," he said. "What are you doing in town? Come in and have something."

"Thanks, Mr. Stebbins, but I don't drink," replied Joe, politely.

"Well, have a cigar, then."

"I don't smoke, either."

"Don't you? Well, I wish all the members of my team were like you. I have to keep a mighty sharp lookout on the boys to prevent them from crooking the elbow during the season. There's a heavy fine goes with the offense, but the lads are up to all sorts of tricks to evade it. Goslin, my new pitcher, is the worst offender. I got him from Kansas City. He's a fine slab artist, but I find him pretty unreliable. The Western League let him go because they couldn't control his habits, I guess."

"We didn't find him such an extraordinarily puzzle yesterday," grinned Joe, forgetting that he was no longer a member of the academy nine. We made six hits off of his delivery, which was pretty good, considering our team is not in your class."

"You made half the hits yourself, Fanning—two homers and a single. You played the whole game. My men only reached you in one inning. If you hadn't been in the game it would have been a farce comedy. If I had you on my team I'd let Goslin slide; upon my word I would."

"Much obliged for your good opinion of me, Mr. Stebbins."

"Don't mention it. You deserve it all right. By the way, have you chaps a holiday to-day?"

"No. Why?"

"I didn't know but you had, seeing you in town. It isn't often you lads get outside your grounds during the term."

"No, not often."

"Got time to come out to the grounds this afternoon?"

"I don't know," replied Joe, doubtfully.

"Well, I'll give you a pass to the grandstand," said the manager, producing his card and writing a few words on the back of it. "Drop out if you can. We play the Roslyns. Game begins at three. We open the regular season to-morrow at Ridgewood."

The manager shook hands with Joe and walked down the street, while the boy continued his stroll. When Joe got back to his lodging-house he found that the expressman had come back without his trunk, but had brought a note in place of it from Major Pond. The major wrote in very feeling terms of the obligation he was under to the boy for saving his daughter's life, and urged him to return to the academy at once, as everything would be overlooked, and he was very anxious to thank him in person.

Joe, however, had decided not to return, and so he wrote Major Pond a note to that effect, giving his reasons for his resolve, and thanking the principal for his many kindnesses in the past, which he said he was now able to appreciate that the ties between himself and the school had been severed. He sent this note out by the ex-

CHAPTER VI.—Out for Business.

Joe Fanwood hired a small furnished room in Maplewood, arranged with an expressman to

pressman next morning with the request that his trunk be sent on. Major Pond read the note with much regret, but he felt that he could not do otherwise than comply with Joe's request, and so the trunk was delivered to the expressman, and by him left at the boy's lodgings.

Joe had no definite idea what he would do for a living when he left his lodgings on the following morning. To go into a store or shop for the meager wages which would be offered to him, a greenhorn in the world, was not what he was looking for. He was ambitious in some business that, through the exercise of energy and perseverance, he could make good money at in the near future. His plan was a good one, but being young and inexperienced, he did not know how to put it into execution. While he considered the important question he mechanically turned into a side street off the main business thoroughfare, and presently saw a sign in a small window which read: "Agents Wanted."

Joe stopped and studied the sign attentively.

"Maybe that would suit me if I could catch on. I'll go in and see what it amounts to."

So he entered the store, which was filled with samples of agricultural machinery. There were also shelves loaded down with a lot of miscellaneous truck. He asked for the proprietor, and a very small youth, who was dusting the articles on the shelves, referred him to a small room at the back of the store, where he found a wizened little man reading the morning paper.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked Joe, in a business-like way.

"Yes. What can I do for you?" asked the man, looking at the visitor over his spectacles.

"You have a sign in your window, 'Agents wanted.' I would like to know what the business is, and whether I would fill the bill in case I found it suited me."

The man looked Joe all over before he replied.

"Yes; I want an agent to sell agricultural machinery and other things, but I hardly think you'd suit."

"How do you know I wouldn't?" asked Joe.

The proprietor of the establishment seemed rather struck by Fanwood's reply. He put down the paper and looked him over again more carefully than before.

"Well," he said, with a slight smile, "you're a boy. What I want is a man—and a man with experience."

"I'm not a man, and I haven't any experience selling agricultural machinery or anything else; but I'm looking for work that has a future in it. I'm not afraid to hustle where there's anything in it for me. Perhaps it might pay you to give me some idea what you expect your agent to do; what the prospects are for a good man, and other facts that would give me some idea of the business. Then if I thought I could do anything worth while in your line I'd like you to give me a chance at it."

Evidently Joe's words and manner produced a favorable impression on the man, for he pointed to a chair beside his desk and asked him to sit down.

"You are rather young to embark in the business; still if you have the right stuff in you there is no reason why you shouldn't in time make a first-class agent. What have you been doing?"

"I've been at school until yesterday," replied Joe.

"Then you are quite green in the ways of business," said the man, pursing up his lips, which the boy took to be an unfavorable sign.

"I admit it. But the fact doesn't worry me in the least. I've got to learn to make my living, and the sooner I begin the better. I don't care to tie myself down to store or shop work. I wouldn't like it, and so it would be a clear waste of time and energy. I want to take up something in which I could interest myself. Something that offered encouragement for me to go at it for all I'm worth. I think I'd like to sell things to people. If an article struck me as being good I am sure I would take an interest in convincing people in need of that article that they ought to buy it. Take this electric fan you have on your desk, for instance; there is something that everybody needs in summer. Of course persons without electric connections in their buildings could not use it; but wherever the facilities exist to supply it with power there it ought to be. If I had an office I wouldn't be without one myself in the hot term."

Joe spoke earnestly and animatedly, and the man smiled.

"I am the general agent in Maplewood for that machine," he said. "How would you like to try your hand at selling them? A few days' work about town canvassing stores, offices and factories would probably give me a line on your adaptability for selling merchandise."

"I would like to try it, sir."

"Then you shall. I rather think you're cut out for a good agent and canvasser. You have a pleasing address, a convincing manner, and you talk well as far as I can determine at this short interview. Your youth and lack of experience are all that seem to be against you. This electric fan is an entirely new article in this place, and I haven't started to introduce it yet. I will give you a bunch of the literature for you to read up and familiarize yourself with the advantages and good qualities of the machine. I have a perfect working model in miniature, which you can carry around to make a practical demonstration with. You can leave some of the circulars and other printed matter wherever you call and keep a record of every place you visit, with an eye to calling later if you interest the party but he does not take the machine at once."

Mr. Jackson, that was the general agent's name, then proceeded to give Joe an insight into the methods generally followed by canvassing agents in their efforts to make a sale. In his earlier days he had been a successful agent himself, and he made the boy wise to many points that would have taken him months to learn by experience. After Joe had studied up the electric fan literature he felt fully prepared to go out and hustle, and so, with his pockets full of printed matter, and the model machine on his arm, he started out for business.

CHAPTER VII.—Joe Dines With Bessie and Her Father.

Joe succeeded in convincing two people before twelve o'clock that the electric fan was just what they needed for the coming summer, which would

soon be upon them. He also disposed of one at the restaurant where he got his dinner, to be placed on the cashier's desk. The house itself was supplied with revolving wooden fans dependent from the ceiling. During the afternoon the boy got orders for six more of the machines, making nine in all he sold on his first day. As his commission was fifty cents on each fan sold, he felt pretty well satisfied with the results of the day's work. Mr. Jackson was both surprised and pleased when he showed him the nine orders which were to be delivered C. O. D. next day.

"I guess I didn't make any mistake in you, young man," he said. "If you go on the way you have begun you'll turn out a hummer. Do you want any money on account? I don't usually pay any commission at all in advance, but the showing you have made to-day is deserving of some encouragement, so I will make an exception in your favor."

"No, sir. I don't need any money to-day."

"Then I'll pay you the \$4.50 you earned to-day to-morrow night."

"All right, sir. That's satisfactory."

Next day was Friday and Joe sold six electric fans. That night he wrote a letter to his guardian, telling him that he had severed his connection with the academy, and the cause that had led to it. He thanked Mr. Jessup for his kindness and consideration to him in the past, hoped that he would forgive his delinquencies, and told him that he was now fully determined to make his way in the world solely by his own efforts. He mailed the letter in the morning, enclosing his Maplewood address, so that his guardian could communicate with him if so disposed, and that day sold five more of the fans, and every one to people who at first refused to consider his proposition and only grudgingly allowed him to give a demonstration of their utility. When he reached his lodgings that afternoon he found that a messenger from the academy had been there and left a note for him. It was a pressing invitation from Major Pond that he take dinner with himself and Bessie on Sunday afternoon at three.

"We shall expect you, my dear boy, so don't fail to come," the note concluded.

The prospect of seeing Bessie Pond again was an alluring one, and so Joe decided that he would accept the invitation. Accordingly he dressed himself with unusual care Sunday afternoon, and about two o'clock he took the trolley which passed within a short distance of the academy. He arrived at his destination shortly before three, and was shown into the private sitting-room, where he found Bessie waiting to receive him.

"It was so good of you to come, Mr. Fanwood," she cried, impulsively stretching out both hands to him as he stepped forward to greet her.

"I was very glad to come, Miss Bessie," he said, with flush face. "It was very kind of your father to invite me."

"Papa was anxious to see you and thank you in person for saving my life the other day. He was greatly disappointed when you declined to return to the academy, and so was I."

"I hope neither you nor your father are offended at the course I have taken," said Joe, earnestly.

"Oh, no. You had a perfect right to act as

you thought best. Only we think it would be ever so much better for you if you would decide to come back next term and finish your course."

"I don't say that it wouldn't; but I'm afraid that Mr. Jessup, my guardian, when he learns what has occurred will wash his hands of me altogether."

"Why should he do that?" asked Bessie, in some surprise.

"Well, I've given him a good deal of trouble, one way or the other. He is in no way related to me, and only agreed to take charge of me because my father was an old and valued friend of his. Under these circumstances I have decided to relieve him of the responsibility and hoe my own way myself. I am not afraid but I can do it. In fact, I never felt so independent and self-reliant as since your father politely told me that the Maplewood Military Academy would know me no more."

"I hope you're not angry with papa for dismissing you. You know you told me that you felt you deserved it. At any rate, papa would give a great deal to have you back again."

"I have only the pleasantest feeling toward your father, Miss Bessie, I assure you. I have no kick coming at all. I think it will do me good to hustle a little for myself. I hope it will take the foolishness out of me. If a fellow has the right kind of ambition, it doesn't do him any good to have things come his way too easy. Kind of spoils him, don't you think?"

"I am sure I don't know. Papa will understand that better than I. I only hope you will get along nicely whatever you do."

"You are very good to say that, Miss Bessie," replied Joe, gratefully.

"Why shouldn't I wish you every good fortune? Am not I under the greatest obligations to you?"

"I wish you wouldn't mention that, Miss Bessie. I was only too pleased to have the opportunity to do you a service."

"Thank you, Mr. Fanwood," said Bessie, with a blush.

At this point Major Pond entered the room.

"I am very glad to see you, Fanwood," he said, taking Joe by the hands.

Then he proceeded to tell the boy how much he appreciated the nerve and courage he had displayed in saving his daughter's life.

"It is, of course, impossible for me ever to repay the debt I owe you," continued the major. "Such a service as that is beyond price. I wish, however, to offer you a slight evidence of my appreciation, as well as a token of remembrance, and so beg your acceptance of this watch and chain."

He handed the boy a box which bore the imprint of the most prominent jeweler in Maplewood. Joe opened it and found an elegant gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed on the case.

"I think you very much, Major Pond, for this valuable present, and it will give me great pleasure to wear it."

"And I hope you will wear this also, as coming from me, Mr. Fanwood," said Bessie, stepping up and presenting him with a splendid tie held together with a diamond pin of considerable value.

Joe accepted it with much pleasure and thanked her for it.

"I believe dinner is ready," remarked Major Pond. "So we will adjourn to the next room. You may take Bessie in."

Joe offered his arm very politely to the young lady, and she laughingly accepted it. The dinner was an enjoyable affair, and Joe thought Bessie not only the most charming, but the brightest girl he had ever met. Through the windows he occasionally caught glimpses of many of his old schoolmates wandering around the parade ground, or perched about the doors and at the open windows of their quarters. This sight of the boys made him feel a trifle homesick, and he almost regretted that he had refused the major's pressing invitation to return.

However, he had put his shoulder to the wheel to make his own way in the world, and he had no thought of backing out. After dinner Major Pond asked him to give his own version of the capture of the runaway pony, which he did with due modesty.

"Bessie told me that she thought it was a tramp who had frightened Dandy."

"No, Major Pond, it was not a tramp, but Patrick Flynn. He came out of the bushes by the side of the road and deliberately stampeded the pony, throwing up his hand, hollering, and finally throwing a stone at the animal."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the major, angrily. "I ought to have the rascal arrested if I could lay my hands on him."

When the boys were marched into the refectory to supper Bessie asked Joe if he would like to go out with her on the river a little while in her own special boat. He said he would be delighted to do so, and so they went. They spent an hour on the placid bosom of the little river which flowed through Major Pond's property.

The young people found a great deal of pleasure in each other's society, and finally when it came time for Joe to take his departure for Maplewood he said he hoped Bessie would permit him to visit her soon again.

"I shall always be pleased to see you whenever you find it convenient to call," she replied, in a tone which left no doubt in his mind but that he would be welcome.

"Thank you, Miss Bessie," he replied. "I will send you word when you may expect me."

With that he bade her good-by, receiving a gentle pressure from her hand, and started for the trolley road.

Joe was full of business for the next couple of weeks. The fourth week he collected nearly fifty dollars in commissions, but he had exhausted the fan proposition in Maplewood. He now had two hundred dollars in the bank. He now took up the agricultural end of the business. He succeeded in selling several plows, harrows, etc. But this did not satisfy him, and he determined to branch out for himself.

He hired a small office, furnished it with a desk and three chairs. One day he went into a second hand place and bought a picture. It was a place kept by an Italian named Bosko. While paying for the picture Joe showed a fat wallet. The Italian's eyes opened wide when he saw it and he made a grab for it. But Joe was too quick for him and seized the Italian by the arms. The dealer's son, Petro, saw the move and

hurled a bronze statue at Joe's head, knocking him senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.—Planning A Robbery.

When Joe came to his senses again he found himself in a dark and ill-smelling place. His limbs were not fettered in any way, but he soon found that his movements were cramped by the narrowness of his prison pen. It was some little time before he realized just what had happened to him. When he did he was thoroughly disgusted and angry over the situation. He examined his pockets and found that his wallet and every penny of his loose change had been taken from him.

"Just wait till I get out of this and I'll make it mighty hot for that scoundrel," he muttered between his teeth. "What did he take me for? A stranger and an easy mark? I guess he imagines because I'm a boy that he isn't taking any great chances. He'll find out his mistake sooner than he bargained for."

Joe found his match-safe in his pocket, and he lit a lucifer in order to examine his surroundings. It was evidently a boxed-off corner of a cellar, probably under the second-hand store.

"Now that they've put me down here I wonder what they propose to do with me?" he said to himself.

Of course, he couldn't tell what their intentions were, but they couldn't be otherwise than hostile toward himself. Lighting a second match he found there was a wooden door, secured by a hasp on the other side. There were several knot-holes through which he tried to see what the rest of the cellar looked like, but was unable to do so on account of the darkness which shrouded the place. He experimented with the hasp, but found that it appeared to be held by a padlock. There was no other way of getting out of his pen unless he could kick the boards down, and they appeared to be too strong for him to accomplish that.

So he sat down on the edge of the old mattress on which he had been lying to think things over. He noticed now that his head pained him a good bit, and putting up his hand found that he had received a jagged wound with some heavy, ragged object that had drawn the blood which had dried around the cut.

"The young chap must have done that to me," mused Joe. "I'd like to have my hands on him now; I'd make him do a song-and-dance he wouldn't like."

At this point in his meditations he heard a voice as if some person was coming into the cellar. He listened, and found that there were two men descending a short stairway into the place. One carried a lighted candle in a candlestick. Joe looked through a convenient knot-hole and got a good view of them. The man who had the candle in his fingers was short and thick-set in stature, with a hard and villainous look on his coarse features. His companion, to Joe's great surprise, was Pat Flynn. He looked disreputable and dissipated, and his red eyes and wash-out looked showed he had only just recovered from a debauch.

"Come this way," said his associate, roughly.

The fellow led Flynn over to a corner near Joe's pen, and squatting down, laid the candlestick on the floor.

"Sit down. We can talk here without any one hearing us."

Flynn complied with the other's request, but his eyes roved restlessly around, as if trying to piece the darkness.

"Now, Flynn, let's talk business. You say you've got the lay of Major Pond's apartments in the academy building eh?"

"Yes, I have," replied Flynn, in a surly tone.

"Well and good. Now, what sort of stuff does he keep around loose? Is it worth the risk of liftin'?"

"Sure it is, faith. He has a lot of brickybrack that he thinks a head of, so he does. Then there's the safe in his office where he kapes his money. If you've the tools to open it wid, we ought to make a haul."

"He wouldn't be likely to keep much money around the house," said his companion.

"Thot may be roight, ginerally spakin'. But, faith, he always has a wad around the first of the month—that's to-morrow to pay off wid."

"How do you know he has?"

"Sure, haven't I seen it whin I wint in to get me wages?"

"What's the easiest way to get into the building?"

"Through a litle soide dure near the kitchen. I've got a kay to it."

"You have, eh?" exclaimed the other, with a show of interest.

"Faith, I have," with a cunning look.

"How did you get hold of it?"

"I sthole it, so I did."

"The major's office is on the first floor, I suppose?"

"It is, nixt to the sittin'-room, and overlookin' the parade ground."

"What else is there on that floor?"

"Classrooms."

"Where does the major and his daughter live?"

"On the second flure, above the sittin'-room and office, at the kitchen ind of the buildin'. The main stairs go up through the middle of the house. The classrooms are all on one soide of the buildin'."

"What rooms are above the major's apartments?"

"Thim are the slapin' rooms of the tachers."

"To get to the major's rooms you have to go up the main stairs, don't you?"

"No. There is a private back stairway to the dinin'-room where Major Pond and his daughter ate. It runs out of the passage-way dure."

"Where do the boys sleep?"

"In their quarters at the other soide of the parade ground."

"Do they keep a sentry guard at night?"

"No; but there's a watchman thot goes over the place every half hour, and rings up an electric clock so as to show thot he's attendin' to his duty."

"I guess we could muzzle him all right."

"Shure, you could do thot aisy!"

"If I go into this thing with you how do we divide? I should want two-thirds of the boodle, as you don't understand the business, while I do."

"I'll agree to thot. I'll be satisfied wid one-third and me revenge on the major for givin' me the bounce from the place. I thried to do up his daughter the same day he discharged me, but one of the b'ys came along on his bicycle and saved her."

"What did you try to do to her?"

"I frightened her pony, and it ran away wid her. I expicted the little mare would throw her, but she saved herself by clingin' to her neck. Then the b'y, bad cess to him for a butter-in'! chased the animal and caught her down by the railroad jist as a thrain come along. It would have done me good if she'd broke her neck—not thot I've anythin' ag'in her, do yez moind; but it would have hit de ould man in a tinder place, and I'd have had me revinge thin."

His vindictive tone attracted the notice of even the ruffian by his side, who remarked, with a short laugh:

"You seem to be a bad man to monkey with, Flynn."

"I niver forgit an injury."

Joe, listening to this conversation at a nearby knot-hole, shook his fist at the Irish rascal.

"It won't be my fault if I don't get you in jail before you're many hours older, Mr. Flynn," he muttered.

"Well, Flynn," continued his companion, "as I've nothing on hand at present, we'll try to do the job. Bosko will take the stuff off our hands at a fair valuation and ship it off to his brother in New York, so that none of it will be found here. Bosko is a sly chap. Many a crook in these parts has cashed in his pickings at Bosko's, and no one has been the wiser. The police haven't the least suspicions of the real character of Bosko's curiosity shop."

"You mane it's a fince, is that it!"

"That's what it is. Half the stuff he has for sale was lifted in New York and that neighborhood, sold to Bosko's brother, who has just another store on Third avenue, New York, and by him shipped out here to be disposed of. They play into each other's hands in great shape."

"It's a wonder the New York chap isn't caught, at any rate. They have some fly cops in thot town."

"I don't advise you to go to New York, Flynn. You're likely to find yourself on the Island, if not up the river, before you know what struck you. I stay away myself on general principles. Towns like Maplewood are easier to work, though they don't always pan out as well as a feller could wish. I hope the academy will meet my expectations, for I'd like to go to Chicago with somethin' in my clothes."

"If we kin get away wid all the stuff we'll foind there yez won't have any kick comin'."

"I have to take your word for that, Flynn; but I'll allow you ought to know somethin' about it. You meet me at the Picker's Rest on the trolley road at nine to-night, and we'll start the ball rollin'."

"Faith, I'll be there widout fail," agreed the Irishman.

"I'll fetch my tools for goin' into the safe, and a couple of sacks to carry off the swag in. Have you a barker?"

"A barker is it? What's thot?"

"A revolver, you chump."

"No. I wish I had."

"I'll get one for you from Bosko as we go out. He'll charge it up to you."

"He's welcome to do that," grinned the rascal.

"Then come along. Let's be goin'."

The man took up the bit of candle, nearly burned out by this time, and led the way to the regions above, Flynn following close at his heels.

Joe now gave all his attention to getting out of the cellar. He soon heard footsteps and glancing through the knothole perceived young Bosko approaching, carrying a jug and a plate. Joe waited. Then the door was unlocked and Joe sprang behind the door as it was opened. As the youth entered Joe seized him by the throat and soon had him throttled. He then took Bosko's handkerchief and tied his hands behind his back. Tiptoeing out the door he snapped the padlock and locked the young villain in. Joe ascended the stairs and got out on the street without being seen by any of the family. Making his way to the police station he stated his case to the officer in charge, who sent officers to arrest the Boskos.

Joe told him about the expected burglary of Major's Pond's premises and was told that officers would be sent with the boy to the academy to have the villains arrested when they came. Then the boy went out to get something to eat with the small amount of money the Boskos had left in his pocket. His wallet had been taken.

CHAPTER IX.—Trapping a Pair of Rascals.

At eight o'clock Joe was back at the police station awaiting the pleasure of the officers in charge. The Boskos—father, mother and son—were already occupying a cell in the basement of the building, and Joe was informed of the fact. At half-past eight two of the policemen who had officiated at the arrest of the Italian second-hand dealer and his interesting family were detailed to accompany Fanwood to the academy. They received their orders, Joe himself had a short talk with the chief officer, and then the three left the station, walked to the corner of the street, hailed a trolley going in the direction they were bound and, boarding it, settled themselves for a seven-mile ride.

They reached their destination in fifty minutes, after walking a long block from the road traversed by the trolley. From the street the academy looked to be wrapped in silence and darkness. Even the tutors, who were not restricted as to their hour of retirement, appeared to have gone to rest, for there was not a light in any of their windows. The students, who were on the verge of examination week and would soon be scattering to their various homes, were in bed and, presumably, sound asleep. Up the gravel walk and between the pair of frowning field-pieces, one of which had played so important a part in Fanwood's and Hostler Flynn's retirement from the school, walked Joe and the two policemen. The boy laid his hand on the electric button marked "Visitors' Bell" and pushed it.

A gong somewhere near the kitchen end of the building responded. Major Pond was in his of-

fice at the time, arranging a pile of examination papers, and the ring, so unusual at that late hour, brought him to his feet. As the servants had all retired, he answered the summons himself. He unbolted, unlocked and threw open the front door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"It is I, Joe Fanwood," replied the boy stepping into the light of the hall gas jet, which the major had turned up.

"Why, Fanwood!" exclaimed the astonished principal. "Is it really you, and at this hour of the night? What's the trouble?" and his glance took in the uniformed officers of the law who stood at the lad's back.

"We'll give you the full particulars regarding our visit if you will permit us to follow you to your office," replied Joe.

"Walk right in, then," invited the major, who, after their entrance, relocked the door and led his three visitors down a corridor and ushered them into his brightly lighted private office on the ground floor.

"Take a seat, gentlemen," he said, waving his hand toward chairs. "Now, Fanwood, I am ready to learn the meaning of this rather surprising visit. The presence of a couple of policemen with you gives a serious look to it."

"Yes, sir. It certainly is a serious matter that has brought us down here. We are here to protect your property against a couple of men who have planned to rob you to-night and to capture the rascals in the midst of their work."

"What's that?" exclaimed the amazed principal. "Two men, you say, have planned to rob me to-night?"

"Yes, sir. One of them you know, as he was for some time in your employ."

"Indeed! His name, please."

"Patrick Flynn."

"The scoundrel that nearly caused by daughter's death!" ejaculated the major in an angry tone.

"Yes, sir."

"If I can only lay my hands on him I'll make him pay dearly for that outrage."

"We hope to catch him here to-night. He has in his possession a key to the back entry of this building."

"He has, eh? I remember now the key was missed, and we had to replace it with a new one. So it seems the rascal took it for a purpose."

"The lock itself was not changed, then, sir?"

"It was not."

"Then by using the stolen key Flynn and his companion will be able to enter the building?"

"Certainly. If we don't prevent them."

"Our instructions are to permit Flynn and the other chap, who is a professional crook named Bagley, to get inside without molestation. They are to be allowed to commence their work so that we can catch them in a way that will establish their guilt past any reasonable doubt."

"I see," nodded the major. "Now, Fanwood, will you explain to me how the knowledge of this proposed burglary came to your attention and that of the Maplewood police?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Joe, who immediately told Major Pond of his adventure in Diminico Bosko's second-hand store on Brainbridge street, and his subsequent experiences in the cellar.

where he had overheard the two rascals discussing their burglarious project.

"You had rather a strenuous time of it, Fanwood," said Major Pond, with a smile.

"I'm not anxious to repeat it, sir," grinned Joe.

"Have those Italians been arrested?"

"Yes, sir. They will be brought before the police magistrate in the morning."

"Good. They will probably get their just deserts."

"I hope they will."

"Now let us talk about our own business. When do you think these men will make their appearance out here?"

"They were to meet at a drinking saloon called the Pikers' Rest, on the trolley road, at nine o'clock. I shouldn't think they'd come out here until after midnight."

"It is now after ten. It is probable that they will commence operations in this room where my safe is, so we had better arrange to capture them here."

"Yes, sir. Flynn told Bagley that you always had a considerable amount of cash in the safe around the first of the month to pay off with."

"If Flynn knew his prayers as well as he professes to be acquainted with my business he would be in less danger of spending a portion of his life behind prison bars," snorted the major.

"That's right, sir."

"Well, officers, if you will permit me to offer you a suggestion as to a plan for catching those rascals, I would say that that closet yonder offers an admirable place of concealment for one of you. Then, by changing the position of my desk temporarily around in front of this window, a nook will be made of sufficient size to hold the other. Fanwood, take this revolver, and when the time comes, crawl under the lounge near the safe. As for myself, I will get another revolver that I keep upstairs, and keep somewhere in the background until the critical moment, when I will take a hand in the affair and help secure the villains."

The major's suggestion met with the approval of the policemen, and were adopted later on when the light was extinguished and the trap set for the unsuspected rascals to walk to. Joe kept watch from one of the kitchen windows for the approach of the men they were expecting. The window commanded a view of the entry door to which Flynn had the stolen key, and which naturally would be the first point aimed at by him and his companion. One o'clock chimed from the mantel time-piece in the major's study, and still there was no sign of the burglars.

At quarter past one Joe caught sight of two shadows coming around the corner of the kitchen and slouching toward the entry door.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Here they come at last."

He rushed into the office, gave the warning to Major Pond and the two policemen, and then, revolver in hand, crawled under the lounge. It seemed scarcely any time after that when the soft foot-falls of the rascals were heard approaching the room. Flynn was leading the way with a bull's-eye dark-lantern, and Bill Bagley, with his bag of tools, was at his heels.

"Is this the office?" whispered the crook to Flynn.

"Faith, it is."

"Give me the glim."

The professional flashed the ball of light over every object in the room until it rested on the small safe near the desk.

"Now go to the door and keep watch," ordered Bagley, authoritatively.

Flynn obeyed. Left to himself, the crook dropped on his knees before the safe and examined its construction carefully by the aid of the lantern. He was heard to utter a grunt of satisfaction, which seemed to indicate that he did not consider the safe a hard proposition to get around. Pulling one of the rugs toward him, he softly emptied the tools upon it and began operations, after placing the lantern in such a position that the disc of light would shine directly upon the spot he meant to drill. The officers were in their stocking feet, and the crisis being at hand, the man watching from the closet door came out and crossed as noiselessly as a shadow to his companion behind the desk.

This was one of the signals agreed upon, and the officer back of the desk accordingly crept out, revolver in hand, and covered the unsuspecting Bagley, while the other suddenly turned up the gas, which had been turned down to the merest hair of light. The glare of light startled the crook, who was in the act of giving the first turn to the drill, and he turned around.

"Surrender, you rascal!" cried the officer with the revolver. "We've got you dead to rights!"

CHAPTER X.—A Bag of Gold.

With an oath Bagley dropped the drill, sprang to his feet and put his hand to his hip pocket, where he carried his own shooter.

"If you attempt to draw your gun I'll shoot you down like a dog," said the officer, sternly.

The crook saw that the game was up with him, and he sullenly withdrew his hand.

"You've got the drop on me," he remarked, with an ugly look, "so I give up."

By that time Joe had extricated himself from under the lounge, and he stepped up and also covered Bagley with his weapon. This gave the policeman the chance to slip a pair of handcuffs on the crook. In the meantime Major Pond and the other officer easily overpowered Flynn in the passage, and the night's work was practically over. Flynn was led into the office, where his companion stood with his pair of steel bracelets on a duplicate of which ornamented the Irishman's wrists. Joe saw that it was as much as the major could do to restrain himself from laying violent hands on the recreant hostler.

"You infernal scoundrel!" roared the ex-army officer, his face blazing with suppressed passion. "Not content with making a dastardly attempt on my daughter's life, nothing would do you but you must conspire with another rascal to rob me. But I will prosecute you to the furthest limit of the law, and see that you go where it will be out of your power to do any more damage for many a long day."

Flynn cowed under the major's scathing denunciation. His undoing had come so unexpectedly upon him that he was fairly paralyzed.

He hadn't a word to say, but shrank back like a whipped dog.

"Well, Major Pond," said one of the officers, "there is no reason why we should remain here any longer now that we have secured the men we came after. We will take them back to town on a trolley car and lock them up."

"I am very much obliged to both of you, officers, as well as to my young friend Joe Fanwood for the service you have all rendered me this night. I shall not forget to remember you in some suitable manner as soon as these rascals have been convicted and put away. For the present permit me to offer you a glass of good wine," he concluded, taking a bottle and three glasses from a wall cupboard and waving to the officers to fill up.

The third glass was not intended for Joe, but for the major himself. After the three men had drank one another's health, the prisoners were marched out of the academy. Joe bringing up in the rear with the revolver which Major Pond told him to retain until Sunday, when he hoped to see the boy at dinner. They had to wait half an hour for a car to take them to Maplewood, but at last one came along. There was only one passenger on board, and he, as well as the motor-man and the conductor, was astonished to see the officers with the two handcuffed men. An hour later Flynn and Bagley were under lock and key at the station, and then Joe went to his lodgings to take a much needed rest.

Whatever it was the chief officer of the Maplewood police said to Bagley next morning, certain it is he went on the stand and testified against Dominico Bosko when the Italians were brought up for examination before the magistrate. Subsequently the Boskos were tried and got the full penalty of the law, and their shop was put out of business. Flynn was tried and convicted on the single count of burglary, and Major Pond used his influence to get him the limit. The second charge against him of a murderous attempt on Bessie Pond's life was held over Flynn's head until he should be discharged from the State prison, when he was to be at once rearrested and brought to book on that count.

Bagley pleaded guilty, and, in consideration of turning State's evidence against the Boskos, was let off with a light sentence. Bosko's brother in New York was arrested on evidence furnished by the Maplewood police, his store was broken up, and he was tried and sent to Sing Sing for a number of years. Thus the Bosko family's little game that they played upon Joe Fanwood had wide-spreading results, and the community was greatly benefited thereby. In the meantime Joe got his samples from Cincinnati and started out to do business with them. He succeeded very well from the start, as they were a novelty in Maplewood, and the result was he made good money as the commission allowed was liberal.

He liked this work so well that after he had drummed up all the town he paid visits to neighboring towns, where he did quite as well. The academy vacation of ten weeks was now on, but until Major Pond and Bessie left for their outing at the seashore, Joe was a more frequent visitor than ever at the school. With Bessie's departure Joe felt decidedly lonesome, and his work seemed harder. Still he had Bob Stewart's society as a

partial compensation, for Bob's home was on the outskirts of Maplewood, and the two boys had many a good time together. Bob's father was the most prominent physician in that neighborhood.

Joe wrote occasionally to his guardian, telling him how well he was getting along at his business. Mr. Jessup always answered his letters, praising the boy for his smartness, but never failed to wind up with the earnest suggestion that Joe ought to return to the military academy when the next term commenced. Fanwood never thought of practical joking these days, as he was too much interested in making money, and Bob Stewart was chary about getting him started again at his old tricks. Before he gave up the advertising business Joe had his hooks out for something else to take its place. He had about \$1,000 in the bank, all but the \$50 sent him by Mr. Jessup having been made by his own exertions—a very fine showing by so young and inexperienced a boy.

One morning while reading the Maplewood Record in his office before starting out for the day he noticed an advertisement of a certain builder calling for several thousand feet of second-hand boards. Only the day before Joe had seen a sign on an old building of three stories offering the structure for sale, subject to immediate removal, for \$50. It struck him that here was a chance for a speculation. Accordingly he went out and hunted up the owner of the house and offered him \$10 on account, agreeing to have the building taken down at once and the wood removed or forfeit the money.

Having secured this option, he went around to the builder's office and told him that he had just bought an old house and that if the timber would answer his purpose he would sell him the house as it stood for \$100, or he would have the house demolished at his own cost and deliver the wood wherever the builder wanted within the town limits for \$200.

"The latter is the only way I would do business with you, young man," said the builder. "I'll go around with you and size up your building. It may or may not pay me to accept your offer."

So they went around to the house together. After the builder had thoroughly examined the building he told Joe he would close the bargain on his guarantee to deliver every foot of material, except the brick foundation, at a certain specified price.

"I can use the doors and window frames, and that is the chief reason I am willing to close with you. See that the windows are not broken when taken out or in transit, for I shall hold you responsible for any damage to them, and will make a deduction from the agreed amount."

He then paid \$50 on account, and the boy started to get men and a team to take the building down and cart the material to the builder's. After he had paid the owner the \$40 that was due him he started the men at work under his own supervision pulling the building to pieces. They began on the roof, of course, and worked downward. After demolishing the roof and the third story, work stopped for that day. To prevent the encroaches of mischievous boys or tramps, Fanwood hired a man for \$1.50 to re-

main on watch until work was resumed next morning. Next day the second story was pulled to pieces.

It was about eleven o'clock that one of the men began ripping up the flooring in one corner of a room where a closet had just been removed. Joe casually stepped over to see that he did not split the boards, but took them up whole. In the midst of his work the man went downstairs to get a drink of water, and Joe started in to take up a few of the boards while he was absent. After detaching two boards the boy found several short boards that were loose. He took hold of them, one after the other, and they came away easily in his hands.

Underneath these boards, and between two of the heavy floor timbers, he saw a dust-covered bag lying in the corner. He reached down his arm and lifted the bag out. It felt uncommonly heavy. Shaking it, he heard a peculiar metallic sound. This excited his curiosity, and he quickly untied the mouth of the bag and then looked inside. He saw that the bag was about two-thirds full of gold coins.

CHAPTER XI.—How Joe Accumulated \$6,500 in Three Months.

"Great stars!" exclaimed Joe, staring at the money as though hardly crediting the evidence of his senses. "It this real money or is it——"

He shoved his hand in and grasped a bunch of the stuff.

"It is real money as sure as I'm alive!" he cried, joyfully, as he examined the coins he drew out and then let them trickle back among the rest. "Gee-whiz! What a find! There must be many hundred dollars' worth here. It's better to be born lucky than rich, anyhow."

The discovery of the bag of gold caused Joe to lose all interest in the demolition of the old building. Telling his men to work carefully while he was away, he started for his office with his bag of treasure. Locking himself in his office, he dumped the money out on his desk, and found that it consisted of a mixture of \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces. From the condition of the bag and the moldy appearance of the edges of many of the coins, Joe judged the bag of money must have remained untouched in that hole a good many years.

"I wonder who it could have belonged to?" he mused, as he stacked the coins up in piles according to their denomination. "He must be dead, or surely he wouldn't have left this money so long in that hiding-place. At any rate I made the speculation of my life when I bought that ancient building for \$50. The former owner would certainly feel like kicking himself around the block if he knew that I found all these coins in that house."

Joe now proceeded to count the money, and the sum total of all the coins amounted to \$5,375.

"Well, if this isn't a dandy haul I don't know what a dandy haul is, that's all," he breathed in great glee. "I'll have to start a new bank account, for the Maplewood Savings won't accept an account of over \$3,000. I'll just put the overplus into the New Era."

He cleared the mold off the tarnished coins,

and, putting \$2,000 in one pocket, and the balance back into the bag, he started for the Maplewood Savings Bank. The \$2,000 filled his limit at that bank, so as soon as the entry had been made he went to the New Era in the next block. He discovered that the New Era's limit was also \$3,000, which left him with a balance of \$375. This necessitated opening a third account, and the Bee-Hive, on Decatur street, accommodated him. Having disposed of his money to his satisfaction, Joe returned to the old house to see how his men were getting on. They were resting and eating their dinners, for it was between twelve and one.

"I might as well eat, too," thought the boy; "though, to tell the truth, I think the discovery of all that money has taken my appetite away."

He sought a restaurant just the same, and managed to worry down a pretty respectable meal. On returning to the building once more he found that the men had resumed work on the second floor, now nearly pulled to pieces. The former owner was also standing around watching the progress of operations. He nodded to Joe.

"What are you doing with all this material?" he asked, curiously.

"I sold it to a builder on Dale street."

"How will you come out on your spec.?"

"I've got no kick coming," grinned the boy.

"I guess you knew what you were doing when you bought the old rookery. You look like a pretty smart boy."

"Thanks. I generally know what I'm doing. By the way, who lived in that place last?"

"Who lived there? Nobody for several years. It was vacant when I bought the building and ground three years ago. It was at one time known as the Paul Jones Tavern. When business moved up toward Perry and Decatur streets its former prosperity dwindled to the dogs. That room on the second floor your men have just finished tearing out was for a long time occupied by a curious-looking little old man, said to have been quite wealthy, named Andrew Davis. He was found dead in bed about five years ago, and as nobody claimed his body, he was buried by the town. As he never received any letters, it is not believed he had any relatives, at least any that the old man cared for. If he had money in bank, it will likely remain there for all time now."

Thus speaking, the former owner strolled away in blissful ignorance of the fact that the boy he was talking to could have thrown a flood of light upon the finance of the dead Andrew Davis. Next day Joe completed the tearing down of the wooden structure. He then sold the brick foundation, just as it stood, to a man for \$15. His profit on the speculation was \$125, plus \$5,375 that he found in the bag, making a total profit of \$5,500, thus raising his capital to \$6,500. That week ended his hustling for the Cincinnati firm, and he then took up a new water-proof house paint. To introduce this he was provided with a book of samples showing the different colors as they looked upon various kinds of wood. He didn't meet with much luck when he went around among the paint stores, but he did much better as soon as he began to canvass the painters themselves, and subsequently the farmers for miles around.

Joe for strong reasons wanted to stand well with the charming Bessie, for she had expressed a very decided wish at their last interview that he should come back to the academy in the fall. If he did not do so he could at least live near it so he could see her often. He felt that she would be very much disappointed if he did not, and this fact had a great deal to do with his ultimate decision of staying near the academy. One day about the middle of August Bob Stewart, who had been away two weeks at a seaside resort, met Joe on the outskirts of the town with his bundle of samples of paints under his arm.

"Hello, old chap," he exclaimed, shaking him by the hand, "what are you doing on the suburbs with that bundle on such a hot day?"

"Oh, I'm out for business as usual," grinned Fanwood.

"You look it all right," laughed his friend, mopping his forehead. "You've been hustling for over three months now. Aren't you tired of it yet?"

"Not a little bit. I like the fun of building up bank accounts."

"How many have you got now?" asked Stewart in a joking way.

"Three. I have accounts at the Maplewood, the New Era and the Bee-Hive."

"The dickens you have. How much in each? A hundred?"

"I've got \$3,000 each in the Maplewood and New Era, and \$725 in the Bee Hive."

"This isn't one of your old-time jokes, is it?" Bob asked, incredulously.

"No. I've given up joking for good. Making money is a serious business."

"I don't see how you could make so much selling things on commission."

"Look here, Bob, can you keep a secret?"

"Sure I can."

"Then I'll let a little light on the subject into your brain pan. Did you ever hear of the Paul Jones Tavern?"

"Sure I did. It is down on Shipley street—a closed-up wreck. Went out of business about three years ago."

"You've got it right except that it isn't there any more."

"Isn't it? Torn down, eh?"

"Yes. I tore it down."

"You? Oh, come off! What are you giving me?"

"Facts. I bought the building for \$50. It cost me about \$40 to have it pulled apart. I sold the material to a builder for \$200, and the brick foundation to another man for \$15, and cleared altogether \$5,500."

"You cleared how much?"

"Five thousand, five hundred dollars."

"Say, Joe, you could give Baron Munchausen points and never turn a hair," grinned Bob.

"How so?"

"Why, you say you bought the building for \$50, and it cost you \$40 to tear it down. That's \$90. You sold the wood for \$200 and the foundation for \$15. That's \$215. The difference between \$90 and \$215 is exactly \$125, isn't it? Yet you say you cleared \$5,500. How do you figure it out?"

"That's the secret I want you to keep."

"How can I keep it unless you tell it to me?"

"I'm going to do so. Listen."

Whereupon he confided to his chum his discovery of the bag of gold that he had found in the second-story room of the old tavern.

"Well, if that isn't hog luck I don't know what to call it," was Bob's comment.

CHAPTER XII.—Business and Pleasure.

Bob invited Joe to take lunch with him that day, and he accepted the invitation. Dr. Stewart was present at the meal, and he asked Fanwood how he was getting on.

"Fine," replied Joe.

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the physician. "I like to see boys succeed in what they undertake. But aren't you going to finish your schooling before you get down to business for good?"

"No, sir; I am through my schooling."

"What have you been doing since you started out for yourself?"

Joe gave him an outline of his operations.

"You say you are selling waterproof paint now, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Would you like to see my samples? I have them with me."

"I should like to look at them very much."

After the meal Joe displayed his samples, and discoursed upon the superiority of the paint just as if he was trying to get a customer for them.

"You can furnish a guarantee from the manufacturer that the paint will do all that is claimed for it, can you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I am going to have my house painted. John, my gardener and man-of-all work, is a good painter. He will do the work. I will buy the paint from you. Could you form any idea how much paint I should require to give the building two coats?"

"Yes, sir. All I have to do is to take a few measurements, and make a calculation with the help of this table in the back of the book. That will give me the approximate amount you will need. All you will have to do is to select the color that you prefer, and if the results are not thoroughly satisfactory you needn't pay for the paint."

"Well, that is fair enough," replied Dr. Stewart, with a smile. "I accept your terms. Go ahead and make your calculations and order the paint."

The physician, after consulting with his wife, picked out a certain color, and Joe registered the order in his book. The paint was duly delivered, and applied by John to the house. It turned out to be quite satisfactory, and Joe received the doctor's check for the paint.

Two weeks before the academy opened for the next term Major Pond and Bessie returned from the mountains, where they had gone after a month's sojourn at the seashore. Joe had corresponded regularly with Miss Pond, and he knew the day they were to arrive at Maplewood, consequently he was on hand when the train came in.

"You're looking extremely well, Miss Bessie," exclaimed Joe, grasping the girl's hand as she

stepped from the cars. "You're as brown as a berry."

"Am I?" she laughed. "You look kind of dark yourself."

"Oh, I've been out in the sun a good deal during the hot spell."

"I suppose you have, you busy boy. Well, I'm awfully glad to see you again."

"Same here, Bessie. You and your father must dine with me at the Argyle."

"At the Argyle! My goodness! Aren't we tony!" she smiled. "You must have been making a lot of money."

"Sure I have. Loads of it," with a grin.

The major, who had rushed off to attend to the transportation of the trunks to the academy, now came up and shook hands with Joe.

"Papa," interposed Bessie, with a mischievous laugh, "Mr. Fanwood wants us to dine with him at the Argyle. Shall we accept?"

"At the Argyle, eh?" replied the major. "You've picked out the most expensive place in town, young man."

"Well, sir, when I invite my friends to dine I like to take them to a nice place. The Argyle about fills the bill in my opinion. It is a select, quiet restaurant. I hope you will permit me the honor of entertaining you and Miss Bessie there, sir."

"Certainly, if you insist, Fanwood. You have been doing pretty well, I believe, in your business."

"First-class."

They took an electric car, which landed them in front of the Argyle. During the meal Major Pond asked more particularly about Joe's short business career, and was much astonished at his success. Joe staggered the major when he told him he had nearly seven thousand dollars in bank.

"Seven thousand dollars! Why—why, how—"

"Let me explain how I came by the bulk of it," said the boy, and he related how he had found the bag of money in the old tavern.

"Evidently you have landed in Luck street with both feet," said the major. "Are you coming back to see us at the academy when we open?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" exclaimed the ex-army officer, in a pleased tone, while Bessie clapped her hands with delight, and her eyes sparkled. "I was afraid your business success might carry you off your feet. You have a good education now. It is a grave mistake for any boy to miss the advantages of a good education when the chance to get it is his. The better one is mentally equipped when he starts out in the world, the better his chance of success, other things being equal, of course. That's why you are succeeding."

Major Pond invited Joe to dine with him and Bessie on the coming Sunday, and the boy gladly accepted the invitation. On Friday morning he received a note from the major asking him to come out to the academy and bring his samples of paints with him.

"I guess he's going to give me an order," chuckled the lad.

He went out to the school about two o'clock, and was shown into the office.

"I'm going to repaint the dormitory buildings, the stable, gymnasium, and other out-houses, and

if your paint strikes my views I'll give you quite an order," said the ex-army officer.

"I am sure you'll find it the best on the market," replied Joe, unfolding his samples and proceeding to talk up the advantages of the waterproof article in which he was interested.

Major Pond was really anxious to do Fanwood a service, and as the paint seemed to be just what he wanted, he gave Joe the order. Bessie came into the office while he was there, and after he had concluded his business with her father she took possession of him herself.

"I want you to take me out on the river," she said. "It's a lovely day."

"I think he might spare me an hour or two," she pouted, with a sidelong glance at the boy that was perfectly irresistible. "It is after three o'clock now. He can't do any more business to-day, anyway."

"How do you know he can't, puss?"

"I know he can't. Besides, I think he's done enough for to-day, anyway. You've given him a good big order. He ought to be satisfied with that."

"I guess I can spare the time to go on the river with you, Miss Bessie," said Joe, with a smile.

"There now, papa, I knew he could go," she cried, skipping out after her hat.

"Bessie will have her way," said the major, looking fondly after his only child. "I'm afraid I have spoiled her."

In a few minutes Bessie returned with a little gypsy straw on her golden locks, and she and Joe started for the river.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Vanished Sailboat.

"I think we'd better take the sailboat, Bessie," said Joe. "There is a nice breeze, while rowing is pretty warm work, and we couldn't go very far."

"I had much rather go in the sailboat, Joe," Bessie replied.

"Are you willing to trust yourself in a sailboat with me?"

"Why not?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide.

"I've never taken you out in it yet, so you don't know whether I can handle the boat or not," he laughed.

"You wouldn't have suggested going out in her if you were not confident you could sail her all right."

"That's true enough," replied Joe, taking hold of the boat's painter and hauling her in close to the boys' swimming stage. "Now, step aboard."

He followed her, hoisted the mainsail, cast off the painter, and away they glided into the river whose water, slightly stirred by the light wind, glistened in the afternoon sunshine. The river was not very wide, and for some distance followed a course almost parallel with the trolley road which ran between Maplewood, Hornby, a mile from the academy, and Cedarville.

"We'll go up the river as far as Hornby," said Joe, "or further if you wish."

"That will be nice," replied Bessie, leaning back on the cockpit seat, close to the boy whose hand guided the course of the boat.

"I'm awfully glad you're back again, Bessie," said Joe, earnestly.

"Are you really?" she laughed.

"Yes. I've felt pretty lonesome during the six weeks you were away."

"What a fib!" she answered with a little blush. "Didn't you write me about the fine time you and Bob Stewart had together on two or three occasions?"

"That's right," he admitted. "But Bob Stewart isn't you."

"Why, I should imagine you could have a great deal better time with him than with me. I'm only a girl, you know."

"Well, you see I don't think so much of him as I do of you, Bessie."

The girl blushed rosy red, looked across the river, and allowed her fingers to trail in the water.

"Don't you like me a little bit, too?" he asked, wistfully.

"Why, of course I like you," she responded. "Why shouldn't I?"

"How much do you like me?" persisted Joe, shifting the rudder so as to weather a turn in the river.

"Oh, I like you—lots. There now, are you satisfied?"

"I suppose I ought to be. At any rate, I like to hear you say so."

They were now passing Hornsby, which lay about half a mile from the river. Right ahead of them was a little wooded island, where many pretty wild flowers grew in profusion.

"Let's land on that island and get some of those flowers?" suggested Bessie, eagerly.

"Certainly, if you would like to," agreed Joe, heading the sailboat into a small cove, and allowing her to push her nose up on the sand.

He got out on the narrow beach, tied the painter to a convenient tree, and then offered his hand to help her out of the boat. They wandered around the edge of the island, picking wild flowers and talking about this thing or that. The sun, which resembled a great ball of fire, slowly descended the western sky, until it almost kissed the horizon.

"We'd better cut across the island and start back, don't you think, Bessie?" suggested Joe.

"Yes," she replied.

He gathered the flowers into two big bunches, and secured each with a tendril of a creeping vine, then handing her one they started across the narrow island hand in hand.

"Good gracious! Where's the boat?" he exclaimed, as they came out into the cove where they had landed.

"Why, it's gone," she cried, nervously.

"There's no doubt of that; but I can't see how she got loose," in a puzzled tone, "for I am sure I tied the painter right to this tree."

He looked up and down and across the river, for the sailboat, but there was no sign of her anywhere. He climbed on to a big stone to get a better view, but with no better result. He examined the sand carefully near the mark which had been made by the bow of the boat, and he soon detected the footmarks of a man.

"Look there, Bessie," pointing at the prints.

"Somebody was on the island when we came ashore, and he has taken our boat."

The girl stared blankly at the footprints and then at her companion.

"How are we going to get back to the academy without a boat?"

"That's a difficult question for me to answer. It looks as if we were marooned, and that isn't a cheerful thing to figure on."

"Oh, Joe, we may have to stay here all night. Papa won't know what has become of us."

"If I can't do any better I'll swim across to yonder bank and try to find a rowboat. There ought to be one up that creek yonder."

"But I should be afraid to stay here all by myself. Suppose that man who took the book was to come back?"

"Let's walk to the other end of the island," said Joe.

They laid the flowers, in which they had now lost all interest, down on the beach and started through the trees. Before they had gone far Bessie clutched the boy by the arm and pointed through a break in the little wood.

"Isn't that our boat?" she asked, excitedly.

Sure enough it was, with the sail partly lowered and the painter tied around a big stone that projected out of the water a yard or two from the shore.

"The man must have come ashore again," said Joe, seeing no signs of the person who had removed the sailboat from its original mooring place. "Or perhaps he is concealed in the cuddy. I see the slide is drawn back. Well, he had a great nerve to bring our boat around here. I'm going to wade out and regain possession of her."

"Oh, Joe; do be careful, please."

"Careful! We've got to have our boat, and if that chap interferes with me I'll punch his head."

He picked up a stout branch as a weapon of defense, and then walked out on the beach, followed by Bessie. He pulled off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers' legs, and waded into the water. Reaching the boat he placed his hands on her gunwale to pull himself into the cockpit, when a face appeared in the opening that communicated with the cuddy. Joe started back in astonishment, for he immediately recognized that villainous countenance. It was Flynn.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

As Flynn's eyes met those of the boy the expression of his countenance grew positively diabolical. With an oath he started to spring out into the cockpit. At the same moment Joe pulled himself aboard the boat. In another moment the two clinched and began to struggle for the mastery. As they staggered around the cockpit Joe all at once slipped, and then both went down together, the Irishman on top.

"Faith, I've got ye now, bad luck to yez!" cried Flynn, triumphantly.

The rascal had every advantage, for he had fastened one hand on Joe's throat, while with the other he reached out and grabbed up a block of

hard wood which he saw upon the seat. Flynn's life was in great danger, and he put up a game fight to save himself if he could. In spite of Flynn's hold on his throat and the weight of the rascal's body upon him, he managed to squirm quickly to one side. Bang! The block of wood struck the floor of the cockpit on the very spot where Joe's head had been a moment before.

"Do you want to kill me, you rascal?" demanded Joe.

"Kill yez! Well, wait till I get another chance at yez, and yez'll see," cried the infuriated man, reaching again for the block of wood which had bounced just out of his reach.

The fellow glared down upon him, and tried to squeeze his throat tighter. Joe began to gasp for breath. A multitude of colored lights began to dance before his eyes, over which a dark blur seemed to be forming. He could no longer see Flynn's form distinctly. The rascal appeared to be hovering over him like some gigantic bird of prey, while between them sifted a blood-red haze through which the man's eyes shone like the distant headlights of twin locomotives.

From the shore Bessie had seen them go down out of sight on the floor of the cockpit, and she waited in vain for them to appear again. She heard the noise of the struggle, then she saw Flynn raise the billet of wood and bring it down on the bottom of the boat with a bang. She gave a scream of terror, for she pictured the boy lying senseless and bleeding in the cockpit. Looking about her in her desperation, she spied a heavy stick upon the beach. Seizing it, she dashed right into the water and waded to the boat. Looking in over the side she saw Flynn choking the life out of Joe.

With a howl of triumph Flynn managed to get hold of the block of wood to complete his fiendish work. With a cry of horror and anger Bessie scrambled aboard, raised the stick in both her hands, and brought it down on the villain as hard as she could. He dropped like a stricken ox, and his fingers relaxed themselves from Joe's throat just at the critical moment. Kneeling beside Joe, she raised his white face in her arms, and begged him to speak to her. She kissed his lips and face passionately, calling him a score of dear names.

"Oh, Joe, Joe, I can't let you die! Indeed, I can't."

At last he opened his eyes, to find her arms holding his head lovingly to her breast, and her lips pressed tenderly against his.

"Bessie," he murmured.

"Oh, Joe, Joe! You won't die, will you?"

In that blissful moment all thoughts of Flynn and the horrible death he had escaped by a hair seemed to fade away, and he only seemed to know that Bessie really cared for him—really loved him with all her heart.

"Bessie, do you love me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, yes; I love you with all my heart."

He put his arms around her, pulled her face down to his, and kissed her. Then he struggled up and saw the unconscious Flynn.

"How is this, Bessie? You here and that rascal senseless! What does it mean?"

"I struck him, Joe," and with that she told him how she had come to his rescue.

"Bessie, you are a brave, nervy girl. You saved my life."

An hour later, with Flynn a prisoner in the cuddy, the sailboat arrived at her anchorage off the academy. Joe told the story of their stirring adventure, and Major Pond's wrath and astonishment was very great. Neither he nor Joe could understand why the villain was at large when he was supposed to be on his way to the State prison, a deputy sheriff having started to take him there that morning. It subsequently appeared he had taken advantage of his guard's momentary inattention, rushed out on the platform of the car, and jumped from the fast-moving train. The police of Maplewood were speedily notified by telephone of his capture, and within two hours he was back in a prison cell, whence he was next day removed to the State prison.

Joe devoted the remaining days that intervened before the academy term began to wind up his waterproof paint business, as he now had something better on hand. He enlarged his office, and added to his furniture and other belongings connected therewith. With almost seven thousand dollars in the bank, he was satisfied that his business career had thus far been a great success, and he entertained flattering ideas of what he meant to accomplish when he entered the field of human industry on a larger scale. It is needless to say that the boy succeeded in his ventures, and finally built up a big business that made him rich.

Bessie is now his wife, of course, and she often speaks of the days of Joe's business beginning, when she looked upon him as the smartest boy in town.

Next week's issue will contain "A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE; or, STRIKING IT RICH IN WALL STREET."

COLLIE TRAVELS 3,364 MILES

The record for long-distance travel by a dog to reach his home and master is held, so far as known, by a collie who returned to his home in Silverton, Oregon, on February 15. After an absence of six months when he was lost from his master's car "somewhere in Iowa" this dog with the instinct and sense of direction that passes understanding, walked into his owner's restaurant, weary, thin and footsore, and barked a joyful greeting.

G. F. Brazier, restaurant proprietor in Silverton, rejoices in the return of his dog. It was in Eastern Iowa that the collie disappeared. All search and extensive advertising were unavailing and Mr. Brazier proceeded farther east to Wolcott, Ind. Some time after he had started back for Oregon the dog was seen in Wolcott which showed that he was on his master's trail. From Wolcott to Silverton it is 2,364 miles. The collie made it. In the long journey, embracing summer sun and severe winter weather, the indomitable dog crossed seven different states, traveled through the prairies of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, climbed the Rockies through Wyoming, and made his way over the Idaho desert into Oregon. His unerring instinct had guided him to his beloved master.

CURRENT NEWS

CHAMPION WHALE SKULL

A whale skull, so large that it had to be sawed into eight-pieces for handling and crating, has been found on the shore of Alitak Bay, Alaska, by a representative of the biological survey, United States Department of Agriculture. The skull has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

DOGS SAVE HIS LIFE

Charles F. Tindall, resort manager of Madeline Island, was saved from drowning by his dogs recently. Tindall was fishing on Lake Superior one mile off Big Bay Point when his sled and four dogs went through the ice.

The dogs managed to climb out of the water with Tindall having the reins. Cries of the dogs attracted Lee Russell, John and Charles Hagen, who were fishing about a half mile from the accident, who attached their dogs to Tindall's and succeeded in pulling him back onto solid ice.

DWARFS WITH GIANT CHESTS

On the high Andean plateau in Bolivia live dwarfs with the chests of giants. These men are Bolivian Indians, and, living as they do at a height of 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level, have developed immense lung power to enable them to breathe properly.

Death struck swiftly into a flock of blackbirds as they were passing over the J. R. Lippincott farm, Burlington, N. J., and hundreds of little bodies, rendered ilfeless in some puzzling manner, rained down among the fruit trees. Only part of the flock was affected, death was instantaneous and the bodies showed no sign of poison. The best guess seems to be that some form of static electricity was responsible.

One suggestion is that conflicting radio currents in some fashion caused the death of the birds. Several New Jersey scientists will be asked to consider that and any other possible explanations. Some of the bodies have been saved for them.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

MYSTERY MAGAZINE, No. 155

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Get a copy and read these splendid detective and mystery stories if you want to enjoy yourself.

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"WANG FOO'S RIGHT EYE," by Carl G. Hodges

"MR. LEMAR PAYS," by Claude H. Gillespie

"THE ETERNAL DETAIL," by Charles A. Byers

"POWERFUL BANK VAULTS," by Horace Appleton

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More Stories Than Ever in This Magazine

DON'T MISS READING IT!

ROB AND THE REPORTERS

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

Rob was a splendid swimmer, and he was enjoying himself immensely, when he saw a man approach the wireless station and enter.

A moment afterwards the young man he had seen inside came out and walked down to the end of the point.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "You seem to be enjoying yourself out there."

"It's fine," replied Rob. "Why don't you take a dip yourself?"

"Oh, I'm not much of a swimmer. Somehow I never could learn."

"The tide is on the edd. There's no danger if you keep close inshore. There's very little undertow."

"Then I'll risk it," said the young man, beginning to undress.

Rob came ashore for a moment's rest.

"Do you work at the wireless station?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," was the reply. "I'm the night man just at present. My name is Harry French."

"And mine is Rob Randall. I——"

He checked himself abruptly, for he had been on the verge of saying that he was a wireless operator.

"You were going to say?" questioned the young man.

"Oh, it was nothing. I suppose the war messages keep you busy?"

"You bet! So do the reporters. They bother the life out of a fellow. You see, we are not allowed to give them all they think they ought to get. A fellow could make a big stake out of them if he was willing to go crooked and give out all that comes out of the air, but the rules are very strict."

He was undressing by this time, and he waded in gingerly, letting the surf break over him.

Rob took a header through a roller and struck out boldly.

"Isn't it fine?" he called back.

"Great," replied the operator.

"Can't you swim at all?"

"Practically no."

"Then be careful. I wouldn't go much further out if I were you. There seems to be some undertow, more than I thought."

"I'll look out for myself. Don't you worry."

Rob swam out, and again looking behind him until he was out as far as he cared to go. Turning then, he saw French still paddling about. When he looked up again the young man was standing in water almost up to his neck.

"You are too far out. You want to get back!" shouted Rob.

Instead of directly answering, French gave a yell and sank down out of sight.

"By thunder, he's drowning!" thought Rob, and he struck out with all speed.

The operator was up in a moment.

"Help! Save me! I'm drowning!" he yelled, and sank again.

He was just sinking for the third time when Rob got him.

He found that he had all he wanted to do to keep from being pulled under himself. At last he succeeded in getting the young man ashore.

"By gracious, you have saved my life all right," gasped French, after he got rid of some of the salt water he had swallowed. "Only for you I should be a dead one now."

"It's all right," replied Rob. "You shouldn't have gone out so far."

"I didn't realize how far I was until you hol-lered. Then the undertow swept me off my feet."

They dressed, and Rob remarked that he must go to the hotel for breakfast.

"Are you a reporter?" inquired French.

"Yes and no," replied Rob. "I used to be one, but I'm not working at the business now."

"I knew you were a stranger in town—that was why I asked."

"Yes; I came down here last night. I'm hanging around waiting for a Mr. Garvey."

"Dick Garvey, who runs the news agency they call the United Press?"

"That's the man. What do you know about him?"

"Well, then, he's a crook from Crooksville. If he can't buy the news he'll swipe it, and if he can't get it that way he'll manufacture it. I'm referring to war news, of course; but I guess what I say applies to any kind. Garvey used to live down here when he worked for Joe Torrence. I know him well."

"Who is Joe Torrence?"

"Oh, he's the rich man of Baville. He is one of the biggest owners of the New York Earth. That fine house on the hill is his. Say, you just ought to see his daughter! Gee! but she's a peach!"

They started along the beach.

"Want to go into the shanty and see how we do it?" asked French, but Rob declined, saying that he must get back to the hotel, at which they parted, expressing the hope that they might meet again.

The day began fair, but towards noon a strong easterly gale, accompanied by rain, set in which confined Rob to the hotel.

Most of the reporters had now departed, but towards evening others turned up.

Shortly before six o'clock Mr. Garvey turned up in his automobile, accompanied by two rough-looking men, who did not enter the hotel, but immediately walked away.

Just then a train came in, and Rob saw a tall man get off among others, who put up an umbrella and started towards the wireless station.

"Hello, Rob! Get tired to waiting?" asked Garvey, as he came up on the piazza. "Nasty day, isn't it? Going to be a nasty night, too. Come into the parlor. I want to say a word."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

WRIST WATCHES POOR TIME-KEEPERS

Paris jewelers have their repair departments clogged up with wrist watches. They state that no watch will stand a jigsaw life indefinitely. They also say ordinary watches must not be laid on a cold marble bureau top during the night, as is the habit of thousands for watches require a certain amount of warmth afforded by bodily heat in the daytime and a cloth protection at night.

FLYING FISH HAVE BEST WING STRUCTURE

By studying the wing structure of flying fish, an authority on the flight of birds has found that their wings are some four or five times as efficient, for soaring flight, as the wings of birds. He attributed this, says *Popular Mechanics*, to the fact that the fin rays formed projected ridges on the under surface of the wings. By experimenting with models fashioned on similar lines, he found that the fin ray caused a sheltered area to appear back of the ray when the model moved through the air. His conclusion is that this sheltered area acts as a force to drive the wing ahead when soaring.

EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS

There are numerous pyramids in Egypt, some large and some small. It was the ancient way of burying the dead. In very ancient times a square chamber was sunk in the earth and the dead were placed in it and a roof of poles and brushwood was covered over it. Out of this pyramidal form developed the pyramids. The brush covering was succeeded by a covering of boards and that in turn was followed by stone construction. Some of the very large pyramids are Medun, erected for King Sneferu in 4720 B. C.; the three pyramids of Gizeh, erected for King Khufu, 4700 B. C.; King Khafra, 4600 B. C., and for King Menkaura, 4550 B. C.

GIRL COLLARS THIEF

A man who described himself as Vincenzo Logiudize of Manhattan was arrested in less than 20 seconds after he had snatched a payroll containing \$357 from the hands of Miss Ruth Spielberger, cashier in the Independent Car Front Manufacturing Company, at 495 West Broadway, Manhattan the other afternoon. The girl's screams attracted passersby, who nabbed the man and held him for the police.

Miss Spielberger had come to the bank and withdrawn the \$357. She was walking through West Houston street, when Logiudize, who apparently had been trailing her, suddenly grasped her right hand, in which she carried an envelope containing the money, wrenched it from her and ran. The young woman grabbed him by the collar and screamed. A score of persons rushed to her assistance, and Logiudize was caught.

Logiudize, according to the police, admitted taking the money, saying he was without work, food or funds.

CITY'S DIRTIEST MAN

Described by Magistrate Goodman in Tombs Court as the "dirtiest man in New York, if not in the United States," and as "a menace not only to human beings, but also to animals," Nichola Ritumano, 42, who said he had no home, but who, officials of the Interboro Rapid Transit said, had been living in the subway for three years, was sent to the workhouse recently for six months.

Ritumano was arrested while walking along the subway tracks between the Worth and Canal street stations. The magistrate was told that Ritumano had annoyed the officials of the company for the past three years walking on the tracks, picking up discarded newspapers, riding on subway trains and sleeping in the stations.

When arraigned Ritumano wore an old army coat, tattered trousers, and his black hair and beard were a tangle of dirt and grease. His hands and face were covered with grime, and he told the magistrate that he couldn't remember when he last used soap and that he considered it poison.

He said he had not slept in a bed for three years and had not bathed in many months. He said last Sunday he tried to procure a bath in a Bowery lodging house, but he was turned away by the clerk as being "too dirty for us here."

Ritumano took from his clothing bank books which showed he had between \$5,000 and \$6,000 on deposit.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

Genuine tubes can be distinguished through the trademark on the glass. The trademark on the genuine tube is blown into the glass and cannot be removed. The counterfeit tube has the trademark stenciled in white paste and can be scraped off.

TICKLER COIL AND ITS USE

The tickler coil and a coil of wire are placed in inductive relation to the primary and secondary circuits of a receiving set. The tickler coil itself is connected in the plate circuit of the vacuum tube and affords a feed back action which produces regeneration. The functions of the tickler is best explained by describing what happens if you take the telephone receiver from the hook when the bell is ringing and then place the receiver against the transmitter. The result will be a continued howling. In a radio set when such a howl is heard it is certain that regeneration is taking place.

Directed Radio Waves for broadcasting are predicted by Marconi himself. As the result of numerous experiments with directed radio waves, Marconi has come to the conclusion that this method of communication is not only highly practicable, but that it must bring about far greater efficiency. In collaboration with C. S. Franklin, the great inventor recently communicated over a distance of 2250 nautical miles with considerably less expenditure of electrical energy than is generally used. Marconi has been led to believe through his recent successes in directed radio, that owners of crystal sets in the United States will soon be enabled to receive messages broadcast from London, because all the radio energy will be sent out in one direction thus intensifying the signals in receivers lying within that beam.

TRACING TROUBLES

In using the vacuum tube receiver it often happens that the filament flickers or fails entirely to light. In such a case it is a good idea to remove the tubes and clean the ends of the contacts. This is done either by file or sandpaper. Sometimes the jacks are at fault. When this happens inspect the connections leading to the jack.

Before attempting to make changes on the jacks remove all plate battery connections before making jack adjustments to prevent short circuits, which may result in the burning out of the vacuum tube filaments. If investigation of both stages of amplification fails to produce the trouble it may be located at the "B" batteries. Sometimes defective tubes cause trouble. It is desirable to test the tubes in various combinations, shifting them from one socket to the next.

RADIO CABINETS

Furniture Radio, so called, is becoming more and more popular. Virtually all the leading radio manufacturers are now turning out radio sets made in the form of attractive furniture.

Thus the self-contained and attractive furniture radio set is finding its way into the living room of the finest home, instead of being relegated to some odd corner as in the past, when it required mussy storage battery, a mass of "B" batteries, and a maze of unsightly wires. The furniture radio move is an excellent one and will no doubt do more to give radio a definite place in the home than anything else. However, there is the ever-present danger that furniture radios may become more furniture and less radio. That is to say, there are already ample signs that the radio end of some furniture radio sets is not what it should be. Too much attention is paid to making the set look attractive, and too little to radio details. Furthermore, the wish is often expressed by the public that the manufacturers of the highest grade and most efficient radio sets put their highest type radio sets into furniture radio form. After all, it is the radio set proper, and not the beautiful Jacobean period cabinet, that brings real pleasure into the home.

RADIO VOICE IN ONE HORSEPOWER

It is estimated by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith that a radio broadcasting station is roughly a one-horsepower voice. This way of regarding a radiophone station is justified by the value of power which leaves the aerial wires. One horsepower consists in hoisting half a ton from the ground to the height of thirty-three feet, in one minute.

The electrical unit of power used in speaking of a broadcasting station is the "watt." It takes slightly less than 750 watts to make a horsepower. The average American broadcasting station radiates from 500 to 1,000 watts.

Measurements indicate that the power of a human voice, in loud speech or song, is only about one-one-hundred millionth of a watt. Yet this minute power is sufficient to be heard by the ear for several hundred feet. The human ear is calculated to be about as sensitive as the eye, so far as the amount of power required to give a definite sensation is concerned. By radio this feeble voice can be built up to a one-horse-power voice. This means that the voice of a speaker broadcasting from WJZ is increased over fifty billion times. In other words, if everybody on earth were to get together and shout at once, the voice power produced would still fall far short of the strength of a voice broadcast by WJZ. The world's call would be only about one-thirtieth as strong as that of the broadcast station.

The Neutrodyne Receiver is steadily growing in popularity, because of its selectivity, its far-reaching scope, and its utmost simplicity. The usual neutrodyne set has two stages of radio-frequency, a detector, and one or two stages of audio-frequency amplification, making a total of four or five tubes. Only three controls are used, two of which do most of the work while the third clarifies and strengthens the signals. In the correctly constructed neutrodyne receiver, there is no distracting whistle or distortion. The

remarkable feature of the neutrodyne receiver is that the same stations will come in day after day with the same adjustments of the three dials, so that the user merely has to chart the various stations according to the readings of the three dials, and from that time on the stations can be tuned in by simply setting the dials to the chart numbers. As for selectivity, the neutrodyne, operating in a congested radio section such as New York City, readily tunes out nearby stations to pick up long-distance stations. When it comes to distance, a properly constructed neutrodyne receiver in New York City will pick up the Pacific Coast broadcasting stations at night as a fairly regular performance.

Interference is on the increase, especially in the New England and Middle Atlantic States. Indeed, evening after evening radio programs are seriously marred by radio telegraphic interference. It appears that the greatest interference comes from certain ship and shore and Navy radio telegraph stations employing the 450-meter wave length, which falls in the middle of the broadcasting wave length range. The Radio Club of America, the pioneer radio amateur organization of the world, has taken up this matter and is exerting every effort to put an end to the present very unsatisfactory state of affairs. Two operating companions have been using the 450-meter wave length and causing serious interference with radio programs. One company has indicated its willingness to abandon the 450-meter length, provided its competitors do likewise. Another source of interference is from the shore stations operated by the Navy. Steps are now under way, with a view to having the commercial stations as well as the Naval stations abandon the widely-tuned damped radio transmitters in favor of the sharply-tuned continuous-wave transmitters. Another source of interference is the re-radiation of regenerative sets in the hands of inexperienced or careless operators. In truth, this interference is the most serious of all, for one "ham" operator can with a regenerative set, spoil the program for other receivers scattered over the wide area. Gasoline engines cause considerable interference, because of the spark ignition which sets up radio waves. Arc lighting is also a prolific source of interference.

TESTING FOR TROUBLES

Frequently where a tandem of audio frequency amplifiers is fastened onto a single tube outfit, peculiar squeals are emitted, together with a rattling noise which makes the set sound as though something was radically wrong. Probably the question arises whereby one is trying to sacrifice quantity for quality, but trying to produce both of these in a receiving outfit is more of a problem than by simply looking at them traced out in diagram form upon a sheet of white paper.

It often happens that the cause of such noises are due to some connections which have been broken by excessive strain. Other faults may be bad B batteries or noisy A batteries.

In arranging parts in their proper sequence precautions should be taken to see that the connections are made as short as possible. This

should be done especially when connecting the leads to the grid posts of the vacuum tube sockets. To avoid capacity effects, the connections should be kept at least three-quarters of an inch apart and, when feasible, the wires should be crossed rather than run parallel so that only small portions of the neighboring conductors are close together. This holds true also for plate leads. Altogether too frequently a trouble is due to the closeness and parallelism of these lead wires.

Rigid connections should be used wherever adaptable so that accidental displacement is not likely. The connections should also be firmly clamped and the junction of the wires tinned over. A good soldering connection should be made rather than a twisted connection unsoldered. The latter will not remain permanent. Undesirable sounds in a radio set develop from faulty connections which are amplified in the subsequent stages until their volume seriously affects the music and speech which is produced in the head telephones or the loud speaker.

Another important item that should be followed very closely is that of the B batteries. A bad B battery when connected in series with other B batteries is often the cause of disturbances. Erratic discharge within the battery itself is the source and the only remedy is to take out the battery and replace it with a new one. This holds true also with the A battery, although it is less liable to happen here than with the B battery. Proper care, however, should be taken of the batteries as a whole. Too much B battery current being supplied to the plates of the vacuum tubes is another source of troublesome noise. This trouble may be remedied by decreasing the B battery voltage.

Where coils of the duo-lateral type are employed, it sometimes happens that the fine wires leading to them or within the coils of transformers are common sources of trouble. The insulation sometimes holds the cut ends together, thereby creating a more or less continuous path for the high frequency resistance.

When such a break occurs it is best to separate the ends and apply a voltmeter to the windings. If there is no reading on the voltmeter it is a sure indication that the conductor under suspicion is broken.

Where lead wires are fastened to the base of a coil or transformer one should look at these places for broken connections, since here they are subjected to their greatest strain. It may be possible that if a voltmeter be applied it may show that the path is complete in spite of the broken connection, but if the set is jarred slightly, base of a coil or transformer one should look at these places for broken connections, but if the set is just jarred slightly a deflection of the needle will be noticed.

For a much simpler test which will at least detect a complete break in a coil or transformer one can employ a standard flashlight bulb and its battery. Connections to the bulb should be made to the conductor under examination, with the bulb in series with the circuit. The bulb will light if the connections is not broken. Bulbs of large current capacity must not be used for test purposes, as excessive flow of current through the delicate wires of a transformer is apt to overload them.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

2,000 CHICKENS DIE IN FIRE

Fire recently destroyed several chicken houses and more than 2,000 chickens on the estate of Otto H. Kahn, New York banker, near Woodbury, L. I. Firemen from Cold Spring Harbor prevented the spread of the flames to several other outbuildings.

The residence, a quarter of a mile away, was not menaced by the blaze, which is believed to have started in an incubator or in defective electric wiring. Estimate of the damage could not be obtained.

LECTURER WHISTLES BIRDS' SONGS

The North Country Garden Club of Long Island, of which Mrs. Robert Bacon is president, is providing nature study lectures in public and private schools. It has secured William C. Wheeler, who shows slides of native wild flowers, ferns and birds on a daylight screen which is a great improvement over the darkened room.

He whistles the bird's songs while showing the pictures. The aim of the course of lectures is to interest children in natural beauty and through their appreciation of the wild flowers, ferns and birds to help to save them.

The importance of conservation of wild life is becoming more apparent every day as the mountain laurel, lady's slippers and other wild flowers, ferns and Christmas greens disappear from one place after another all over Long Island.

13 YEARS IN THE MAIL

Thirteen years after it was posted, a postal card was delivered to J. V. Scott, who lives on Route 4, from Dyer, a few miles north of Trenton, Tenn. The card was addressed to his wife, Mrs. Annie Scott, and was received on Feb. 27, 1924. It was mailed at Rutherford on March 2, 1911, and lacked but a few days of being delivered thirteen years after it was mailed. Rather a long time for the delivery of mail between two towns only six miles apart.

In the meantime the writer, Bryant Overall, has died. Also Mrs. Scott, who died about three years ago. Mr. Overall died a short time after the card was mailed and since his death his father, mother, sister, brother and two children of the Scott family have passed to their reward, making eight deaths in the family during the time the card was being delivered to the person to whom it was addressed.

The card is thought to have lodged in the bottom of a mail sack, where it was stuck until it came to light and was delivered to its destination. The card is said to look about as fresh as it should have when mailed and the writing is very clear.

LAUGHS

The Judge—What proof have you that this chauffeur was intoxicated? The Country Policeman—He stopped his car at a crossing.

"So you charge your husband with tearing your hair. Did you scream?" "I would have, your honor, but I wasn't there when he did it."

Maud—Oh, I'm invited to the Wayups' ball, but I don't know what in the world to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion? Millicent—A thick veil.

He—You are the embodiment of all that's beautiful and— She—What on earth are you talking about? He—Nothing on earth; I was speaking of a heavenly creature. (Cards.)

Willie—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned? Papa—No, my son. Why? Willie—'Cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.

Anning—Has Badders made a success of the stage? Manning—Yes. He acted the part of butler so well in a play last winter that he got a place in a Fifth avenue family.

Hight Jinks! Help, help! Cool, help! Mr. Cool—What are you kicking up such a row about? High Jinks—Don't you see how I'm fixed? Mr. Cool—Yes, but I never saw you in a hole yet you couldn't crawl out of.

Visitor—Aren't you glad you are a little girl? Little Girl—No; I'd rather be a little boy. Visitor—But little boys generally have to wear their father's leftover clothes. Little Girl—Mother is a suffragette, and she says pretty soon it won't make much difference.

A little Bangor boy surprised both his parents and his school teacher not a little recently, while at dinner. He propounded the following scientific question to the teacher: "Which is the quickest, heat or cold?" The teacher was a little slow about venturing a reply, but finally said she thought heat was. "That is right," said the sharp youngster, "because you can catch a cold."

BRIEF BUT POINTED

STRANGE FISH

The jumping fishes are well known upon the shores of all Indian seas. Their position is usually one of clinging to the edge of the rocks or mangrove roots by their fins, with their tails only in the water. When alarmed they make a spring by means of their bent, muscular pectoral fins, and then skim across the water by a succession of short jumps until they reach a place of safety. Scientists have found that respiration was mainly performed by the tail, so that the fish may stay out of the water indefinitely if the tip of its tail is submerged.

They also say it is not extraordinary for some kinds of fish to stay out of water practically a day. The European tench, for instance, is taken to market, and if not sold is returned to its native swimming pool at the end of twenty-four hours, none the worse for its journey. It is certain that the mud minnows dug out of dry soil in large quantities by Wisconsin farmers do not appear to suffer from their terrestrial sojourn when plunged once more into northern streams and rivers.

KILLED BY "DIVINE COMMAND"

Declaring that she had been told in a "divine command" to force her daughter, John Eva Winchester, sixteen, to stamp her husband, John Edwin Wincheseer, fifty-five, to death, Laura Eva Winchester, forty-eight, is held charged with one of the most unusual murders ever committed in Florida. The killing occurred at Seffner, twelve miles from Tampa, Fla.

The girl, John Eva, says her mother was obsessed with the idea that she had been made "queen of the universe" through the ministry of Raymond Richey, healer evangelist, who is conducting a revival at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. Winchester had come under the influence of the minister about two weeks ago, when her husband was supposedly cured of paralysis.

The woman claimed a power, even over God, her daughter says, and was angered at the sun refusing to rise in the West at her command. She blamed her husband as "the devil who stood in her way."

RUM RUNNER KILLS SELF

Sir John Stewart, head of one of the famous whisky houses in Scotland, died a suicide as a result of being swindled out of \$5,000,000 by American bootleggers.

A very sizable amount of the whisky sent from Scotland to the American bootlegging fleet last fall was supplied by Sir John Stewart. He fitted out two large steamers to serve as rum runners' supply ships and commissioned an American rum syndicate to handle the deal. Unfortunately for himself, he put faith in the men with whom he was dealing. They landed the \$5,000,000 worth of whisky in safety, but neglected to turn over a cent to the Scottish shipper. After

spending several months trying to collect the money, Sir John killed himself rather than face bankruptcy.

In order to finance the deal he had borrowed from Scottish banks. He gave them forged documents as security, not wishing them to know his real operations. He expected to repay the loans easily from the profits of the rum running.

Sir John Stewart's suicide also reveals the fact that he paid \$400,000 for the baronetcy conferred on him in 1920. It is supposed that the \$400,000 went to the Lloyd George party funds.

He expected to "clean up" on rum running, and plunged into wild extravagances. He bought a famous castle, spent \$250,000 on it and never spent a night in it.

He paid \$750 a week for a suite in a London hotel, spent \$25,000 in a year just for clothes, and indulged in one luxury after another. Then his castles in the air collapsed.

NEW MACHINERY SPEEDS GOLD MINING

Powerful electrical machinery, just installed in the Randfontein group of gold mines in South Africa, will enable gold to be mined more rapidly and in greater quantities than has ever before been possible. Whereas the average tonnage in 1919 amounted to slightly more than 100,000 tons of ore per month, it is now the intention to haul 70,000 tons monthly from each of the two new shafts, or a total of 140,000 tons per month, increasing the hauling capacity of the mine by approximately one-third.

The new installation consists of electrical hoisting machinery on the north vertical shaft of the Randfontein group of mines, which is owned by the Randfontein Central Gold Mines, Ltd. Each hoist consists of two cast steel cylindrical drums twelve feet in diameter and six feet wide, directly connected to two 2,500-horsepower direct current motor rated at 106 revolutions per minute.

A central control lever on the driver's platform, connected by levers to an electric controller, regulates the direction and speed of the hoist. Although the driver can run the hoist as slowly as he likes, he is prevented from accelerating the speed too fast by the action of electrical relays.

Should the driver faint, or lose control of the lift, the skip will automatically slow down and come to a stop. If lifting men, it will halt a few feet above the surface of the shaft, and if lifting ore it will stop a few feet above the tipping point.

Each hoist is designed to raise a load of 10,000 pounds of ore from a depth of 5,000 feet, at a speed of 4,000 feet per minute. This means not only an added output of gold ore, but the employment of a larger force of men.

These big electrical hoists, which are reported to be working smoothly and satisfactorily, were installed by the African General Electrical Company. The hoists are said to be the largest electrically operated lifts in the world.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

HANGS BY TWO FINGERS HALF HOUR,
CALMLY SMOKING

Bert Boyle, twenty-four years old, a day laborer, calmly smoked cigarettes when he was caught between a pulley wheel and a heavy elevator cable on the top floor of the building at 33 East Thirty-third street, New York.

Three fingers of his left hand were crushed, and by the remaining two he hung suspended, a fall threatening that would mean instant death. A rescue crew worked frantically for half an hour to free him. Bert directed the work, continued smoking, took a drink at one time, and when they finally got him safely extricated sank into a heap unconscious.

At Bellevue Hospital they amputated the two other fingers, leaving Bert only a right hand. He hung seventeen floors above the basement during the half hour of agony, and never uttered a sound except to tell the firemen, police and half a dozen tenants what to do.

WEALTH OF SIX STATES

Details of the wealth of six states at the close of 1922 were made public recently by the Census Bureau.

Iowa's wealth was \$10,511,682,000, an increase of 37.2 per cent. over 1912, with a per capita wealth of \$4,274, an increase of 24.1 per cent.

Minnesota's wealth was \$8,547,918,000, an increase of 58.9 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$3,443, an increase of 37.4 per cent.

Nebraska's wealth was \$5,320,075,000, an increase of 44.2 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$4,004, an increase of 32.4 per cent.

Oregon's wealth was \$4,419,459,000, an increase of 68.3 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$4,182, an increase of 50.4 per cent.

Colorado's wealth was \$3,229,352,000, an increase of 40.9 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$6,285, an increase of 22.8 per cent.

Montana's wealth was \$2,223,007,000, an increase of 98.2 per cent., with a per capita wealth of \$3,691, an increase of 33.5 per cent.

FOUGHT 14-FOOT SHARK IN COCKPIT OF
BOAT

Details of a thrilling fight between four men and a 600-pound shark in the cockpit of a fifty-foot fishing boat Thursday became known at West Palm Beach, Fla., for the first time. The principals in the fight were T. Coleman Dupont of Wilmington, his son Frank, Louis G. Kaufman of New York and Captain T. E. Newell of Palm Beach, skipper of the launch Ripple.

The party went out just before noon the other day. They cast anchor, three miles off the coast near Boynton. A half a dozen kingfish had been hauled in when a shark was seen swimming near the boat. Captain Newell obtained a harpoon and as the monster drew near the boat drove the spear with force through its back. The entire

party then took a hand in hauling the shark aboard, despite the efforts of the shark to free itself.

Once aboard the craft, the shark renewed its fight, as retreat to the cabin was made impossible for the men because of the swings of the monster's tail, while a rough sea kept the boat rolling about.

Kaufman saw a hatchet in a corner of the cockpit and went for it. There followed a series of attacks upon the shark. It was only after several minutes that the shark, deprived of its natural element and weak from exertion became quiet, that the huge tail was secured and the monster was killed.

The party returned to port with their catch, which was 14 feet long.

LOOK, BOYS!
TRAPEZEE

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ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS
ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

Five Different Stunts —

THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

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THE SHENANDOAH CAVERNS

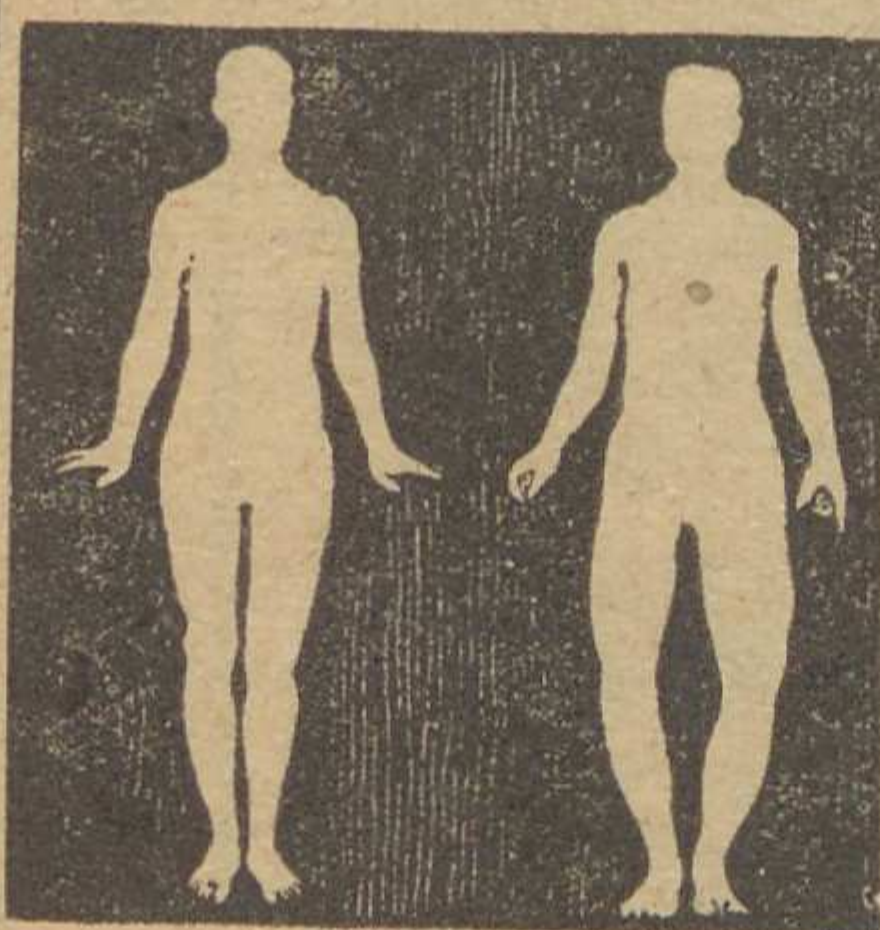
The exhibition of caverns to the traveling public is noted by the United States Geological Survey as a growing industry in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. The famous Valley Pike, now a link in the New York to Atlanta highway, is traversed yearly by thousands of automobile tourists properly intent upon seeing America first, and no one has adequately seen America who has not visited one or more of the caverns in the Shenandoah Valley. Until recently the only caverns that were accessible to the public were the celebrated Luray Caverns in Page County, and Weyers Caves in northern Augusta County, near Grottoes. However, within 12 months, the Endless Caverns, near New Market, in Shenandoah County, have been thrown open to the public, and on May 31 another cavern near Mount Jackson also in Shenandoah County, made its first bid for public favor. The latest-opened caves have been named Shenandoah Caverns. They are about three miles south of Mount Jackson and two miles west of the Valley Pike, with which they are connected by a macadamized road.

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat



Thousands of overfat people have greatly reduced their weight and attained a normal figure by following the advice of others who use and recommend the Marmola Prescription Tablets. These harmless little fat reducers are prepared in tablet form from the same ingredients that formerly composed the famous Marmola Prescription for fat reduction.

If you are too fat, you owe it to yourself to give these fat reducers a fair trial. All the better drug stores the world over sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar per package. Ask your druggist for them or send one dollar to the Marmola Co., 628 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and secure a package of these tablets. They are harmless and reduce your weight without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. If you are too fat try this today.



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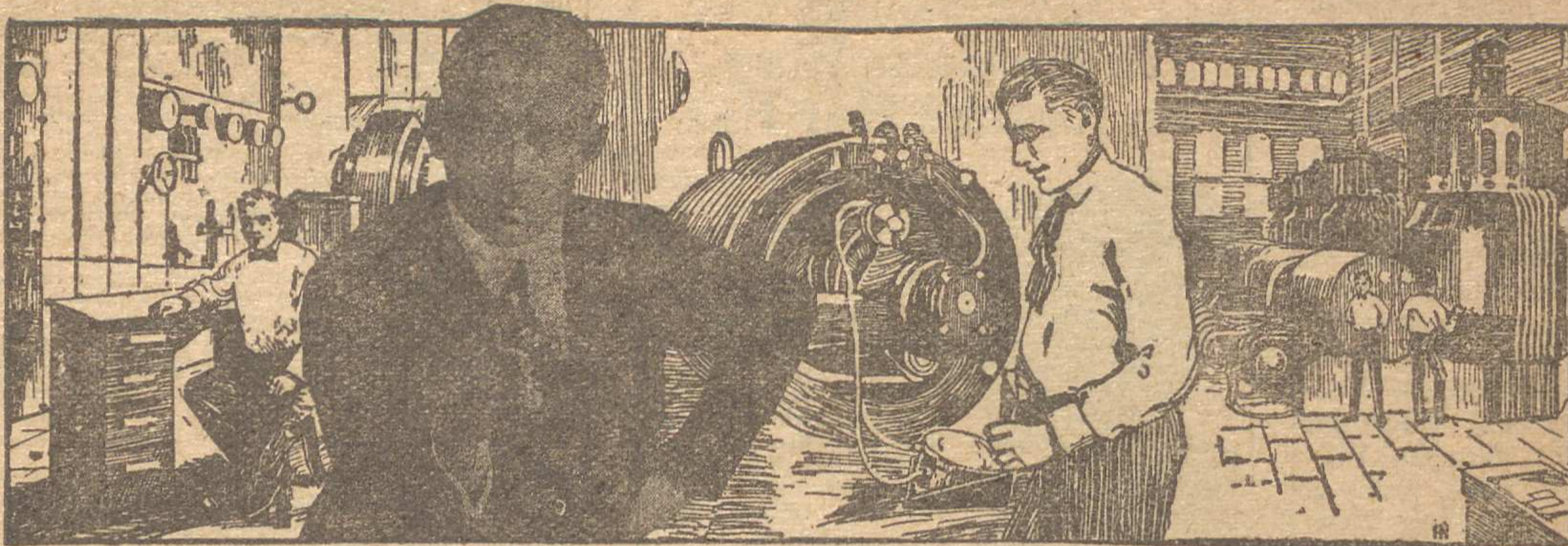
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